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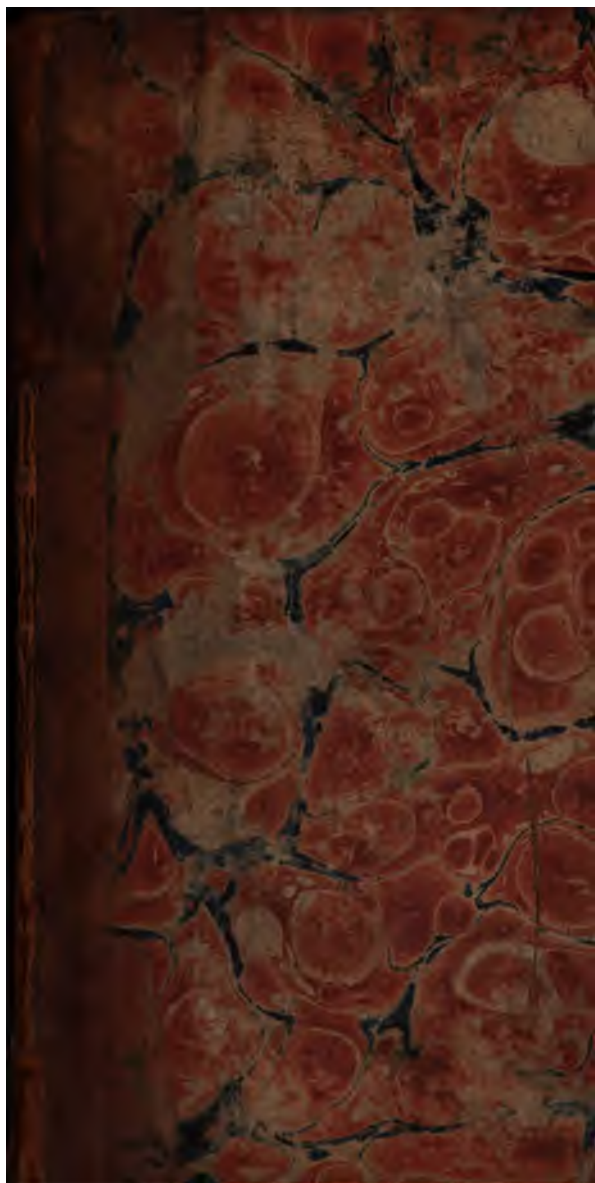
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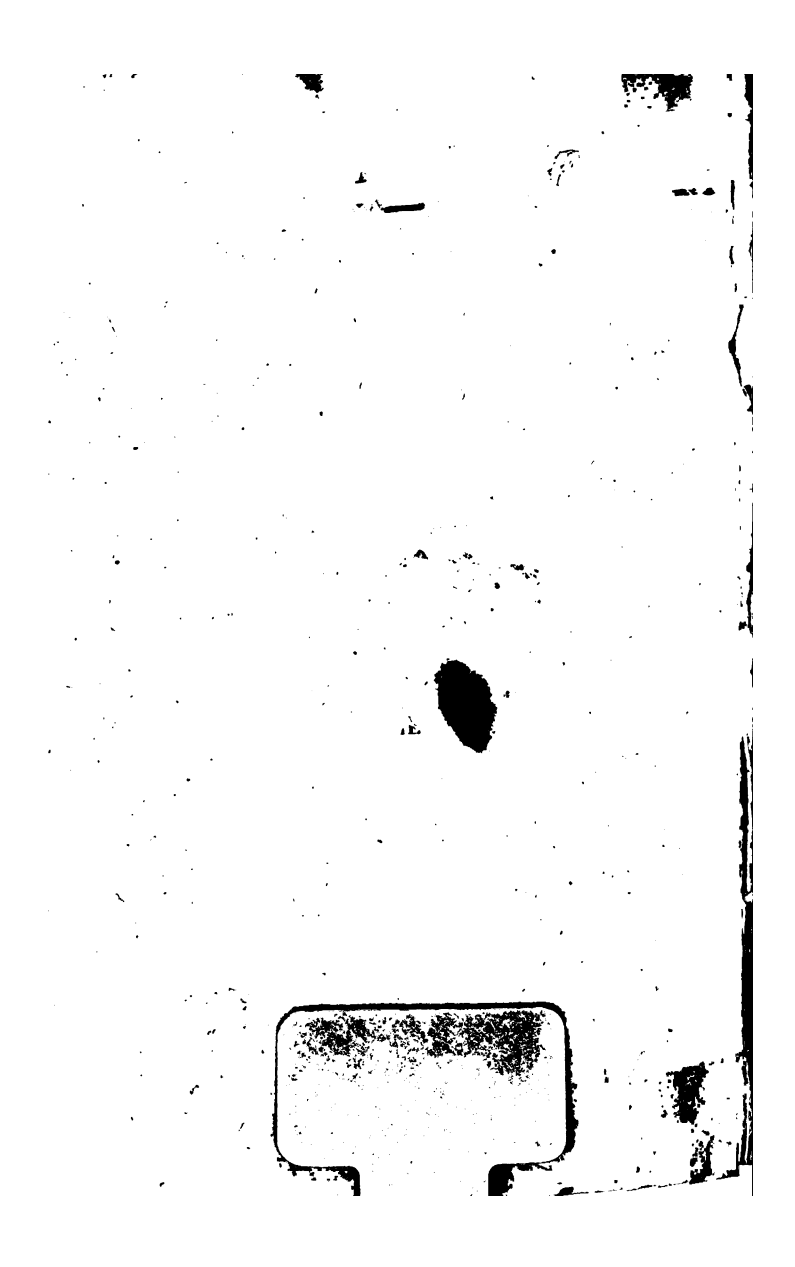
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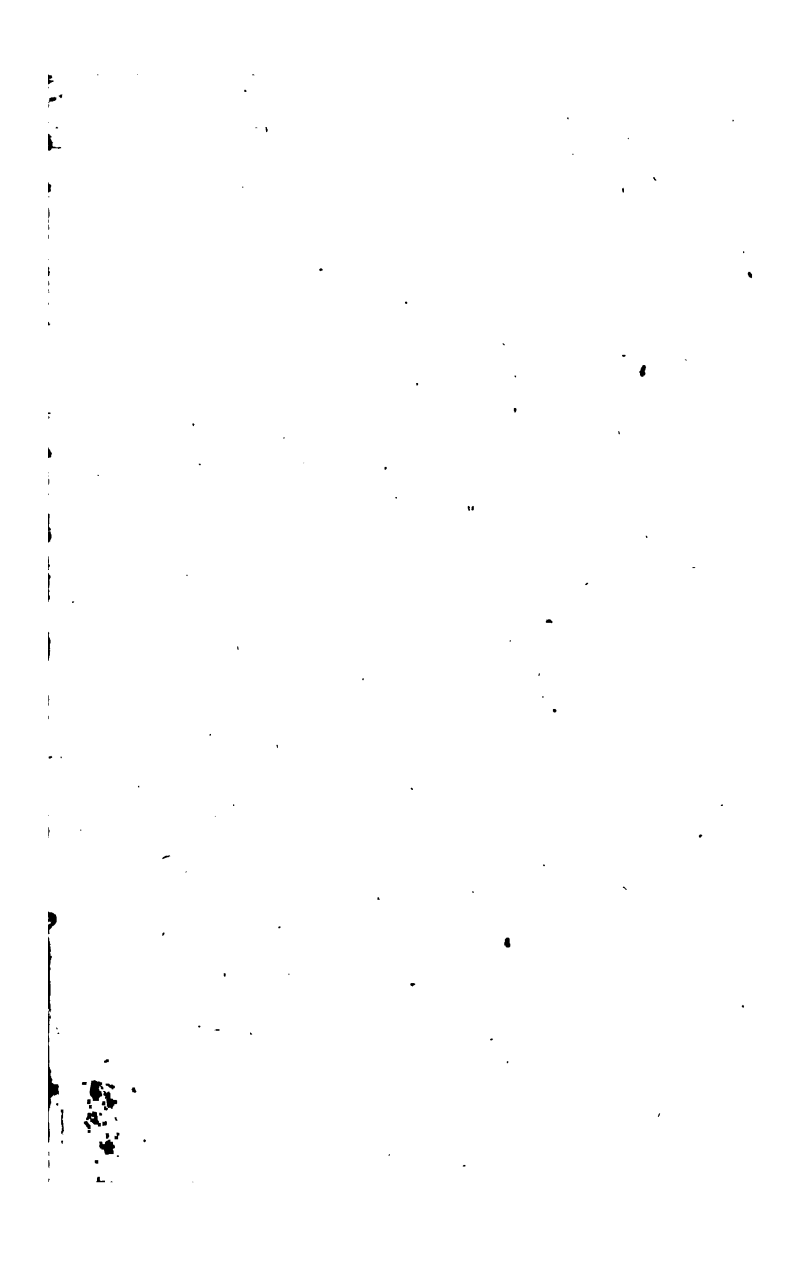
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T H E
Indiscreet Connection ;
O R, T H E
H I S T O R Y
O F
Miss L E S T E R.

I N T W O V O L U M E S.

V O L. I.

L O N D O N.

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MDCCLXXII.

249. J. 610.

1. The first part of the paper discusses the importance of the study of the history of the United States. It is argued that the study of history is essential for a full understanding of the present and for the development of a sense of national identity. The author points out that the study of history is not only a means of learning about the past, but also a way of understanding the present and of shaping the future.

2. The second part of the paper discusses the role of the government in the development of the United States. It is argued that the government has played a crucial role in the development of the country, and that it is essential for the government to continue to play this role in the future. The author points out that the government has been responsible for the development of the infrastructure, the education system, and the social welfare system, and that it is essential for the government to continue to play this role in the future.

3. The third part of the paper discusses the role of the individual in the development of the United States. It is argued that the individual has played a crucial role in the development of the country, and that it is essential for the individual to continue to play this role in the future. The author points out that the individual has been responsible for the development of the economy, the culture, and the social system, and that it is essential for the individual to continue to play this role in the future.

4. The fourth part of the paper discusses the role of the community in the development of the United States. It is argued that the community has played a crucial role in the development of the country, and that it is essential for the community to continue to play this role in the future. The author points out that the community has been responsible for the development of the infrastructure, the education system, and the social welfare system, and that it is essential for the community to continue to play this role in the future.

5. The fifth part of the paper discusses the role of the nation in the development of the United States. It is argued that the nation has played a crucial role in the development of the country, and that it is essential for the nation to continue to play this role in the future. The author points out that the nation has been responsible for the development of the infrastructure, the education system, and the social welfare system, and that it is essential for the nation to continue to play this role in the future.

T H E

INDISCREET CONNECTION.

L E T T E R I.

Mr. GRINDALL to Mrs. LESTER.

I HAVE so often delivered my opinion upon the subject in question, Madam, that you cannot have any doubts with regard to my sentiments concerning it: perhaps, the very great freedom with which I have declared them has induced you to be more resolute in the support of opposite ones. The affectionate esteem, however, which I feel

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for my old friend, and my attention to the real welfare of his daughter, would not permit me to be silent when I hoped that I might by speaking be of any service to his family.

You are sensible, Madam, that I was exceedingly against your putting yourself to so considerable, so idle an expence, for the education of your daughter, an education, which can be of no real use, which may be, indeed, of real disservice to her. To what purpose have you spent so much money for her learning music, drawing, and geography? They are very proper accomplishments, I grant, for women of birth and fortune; they may even be serviceable to *them* by employing those vacant hours which would be otherwise, in all probability, wasted in folly, not to make use of an
harder

harder expression : but young women who have only small fortunes—and Kitty Lester is one of them—ought to spend their time in learning something which may render them useful to themselves, or to those with whom they are connected. I have thought that *French* is in general needless, though in particular situations it may be necessary ; but surely *that*, and every thing else which your daughter has learned, might have been acquired without the unreasonable expence you have been at, in placing her at one of the most extravagant boarding schools in London. I never approved of the manner in which girls are educated at such schools ; their education rather disqualifies them, in *my* opinion, for making good wives. They are very *politely* accomplished, I will allow, but the politest accomplishments alone, will

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not enable a woman to appear in an advantageous light at the head of her family. On the other hand, a girl brought up at home, under the care of a sensible mother, who knows her own interest sufficiently to attend to the domestic duties (the chief duties of a woman), who is capable of instructing her daughter in them, and who can enforce her precepts by her example, stands the fairest chance of making a good wife, mother, and mistress of a family herself; characters which few women, educated at the various French and English boarding-schools in the kingdom, can support in a becoming manner. If you will take my advice, therefore, you will take your daughter home immediately; she has been already at school several years, and I will venture to say that you have spent near,
if

if not quite a thousand pounds, in a frivolous education, which might have contributed to settle her with an industrious young man in business, and which, so disposed of, might have been considerably improved, to their mutual advantage. As the case now is, she must depend upon *you* for her support, and you may both be tempted to be guilty of ridiculous proceedings, if you are not driven by what you call necessity, to be concerned in any very censurable actions. How many girls are there, who by not having any money, and by having a taste not to be gratified without a great deal, are obliged to lay snares to draw in young men of family and fortune to marry them? By so doing they certainly shew themselves mean and ungenerous—If their designs are frustrated, they may be, in the

end, drawn in themselves to live with the men of whom they are foolishly fond upon their own terms : or they may pine away their lives in disgust and disappointment, render themselves incapable of making any other man happy, and linger out their days entirely useless. Take your daughter away, therefore, Madam, from a school where she has not acquired any useful knowledge, and teach her a little good housewifery at home, that she may be capable of assisting some honest man to carry on his business, or, at least, to look after his family, while he is more profitably employed. She has already served an apprenticeship to music, dancing, drawing, &c. &c. and, therefore, ought to be a perfect mistress of all these accomplishments ; it is now high time for her to learn those domestic duties without.

without a thorough knowledge of which she can never be either a good wife or a good mother. That she may, at a proper time, be exemplary in the former and in the latter character, is the sincere wish of, Madam,

your real friend,
and humble servant,
E. GRINDALL.

LETTER II.

Mrs. LESTER to Mrs. SAXBY.

I WAS vastly sorry that I was not at home the morning you came to town, and called upon me. I wanted to tell you how excessively I have been provoked by a letter which I have

B 4 received

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received from Mr. Grindall, whose advice I could not well avoid asking about Kitty. It was merely a compliment which I paid him, for to be sure, as I am left by her father one of her guardians, I have as much right to determine what is best for her as he ; but he has always been grumbling and finding fault with my placing her with Mrs. D. because truly it is too expensive, and because she will only be taught things which she has no occasion to know, and will not learn those things with which she ought to be acquainted. I cannot tell you all the nonsense he has talked and wrote to me, as if nobody knew but him what was fit for her to learn. Surely, I think, a mother is the best judge of her daughter's capacity ; and every woman ought to be most capable of conducting the education
of

of a child of her own sex.—To be sure I have spent a great deal of money on Kitty's education; I don't pretend to deny it, and it must have lessened the fortune her father left her; for you cannot suppose that I could spare any thing out of my little income, which is so very strait that I can but just make it do with the strictest æconomy: but the money is well laid out for all that, as it will be so much to her advantage by and by. Had she been left entirely to his management she would have known nothing at all; for I have heard him say a thousand times that every body is brought up vastly too high, and live beyond their fortunes; so that I suppose he would have only put her to some pitiful little school while she was a mere child, where they teach nothing but plain work, and then would have

B 5 expected.

expected me to teach her to make pies and puddings, and sweetmeats, just as if she was designed to be nothing but a house-keeper : yet certainly, though she has only a small fortune, when she is properly accomplished, with *her* person, for the girl is not unlike *me*, she may provide for herself. I have thrown her in the way of making a great acquaintance by placing her at one of the genteelest schools in London, where she is placed upon a footing with the daughters of lords and dukes ; and she may, by making a friendship with the children of people of fashion, rise to a considerable rank in life herself, and then, by the education I have given her, she will be fit company for any body. I declare I do not think there is any thing more shocking than to see people in high life ignorant and ill bred. Such
people

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people disgrace the stations they are raised to, and make themselves quite ridiculous by their ignorance and folly. I must lay down my pen : Mr. Grindall is come.

In Continuation.

I told him that I had been prevented from answering his letter by perpetual engagements, but that I had just been writing to a particular friend upon the same subject, and that I would read what I had wrote to him as it would serve for a reply to *his* letter.

When I had done reading he said that he was sorry, to find our sentiments so different, particularly on Miss Lester's account, as he was afraid that she was more in a way to *mar*, that was

B 6

his.

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his odd old fashioned word, than to make her fortune, being satisfied that nothing could tend so much to corrupt a young woman's morals, to injure her reputation, and to destroy her peace, as the giving her a taste for living greatly above the style of life she ought to expect—"When a girl," continued he, finds that she is unable to secure a handsome and honourable provision for herself in an exalted station, who can say that she will not be tempted, in consequence of her disappointment, to accept of the most dishonourable settlement, rather than give up all the idle hopes she had entertained of making as splendid a figure as those ladies of quality with whom she was indiscreetly connected? Nothing hinders a young woman so much from settling properly in the world, as keeping company with persons

persons of a superior rank : the smallest advantages cannot arise to her from such associations ; they may prove extremely detrimental to her."

I protest, my dear Mrs. Saxby, I was so tired of his running on in this nonsensical manner, that I endeavoured more than once to interrupt him ; but finding it impossible to stop his tongue (never let the men talk of *our* tongues, for I am sure old Grindall would outtalk a dozen of us) I staid till he had done, and then told him that I knew very well what I was about, and that Kitty had made no acquaintance but what did her honour, " I doubt not, added I, but that Kitty's acquaintance will be very serviceable to her, but if she gets nothing by them, her connection with them will be advantageous,

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vantageous, as it will give her both the behaviour and character of a gentlewoman."

You cannot think what a discouraging answer he returned; but I did not chuse absolutely to quarrel with him neither, and so I dropped the dispute. I am determined, however, to have my own way whether he likes it or not. Besides, what am I to do with such a great girl always about me wherever I go? She is almost seventeen: I try to make her pass for thirteen, and tell every body who questions the truth of what I say, that she is only very tall of her age; but she grows so monstrously that there is no imposing her upon the world any longer for a child. You know as well as myself, that I was married very young, yet nobody will believe

lieve me when they see my daughter quite a woman. 'Tis a provoking thing for us mothers to have our children thrust us out of the world before our time : I mean out of the enjoyments of life : for what is life without pleasure, and what can a woman enjoy when she is no longer admired ? I will, therefore, keep Kitty at school as long as I can, let Mr. Grindall say what he will.

In Continuation.

I have received a letter from Kitty : she begs me to give her leave to accept an invitation Lady Charlotte Beaumont has made her to spend a month or two with her in Berkley-square this winter, Lady Charlotte was educated at Mrs. D——'s school, and is extremely fond of Kitty : I think, therefore, that I cannot
not

not do better. She will be introduced into life in a very proper manner. The Countess of — is one of the most elegant women in the world. They keep the best company in town, and if Kitty has any management she may make her fortune. I shall, at least, quiet old Grindall by taking her from school: I am sure he has been teasing me about it these five years. Lady Charlotte is two years older than Kitty and has been at home some time: but she has always kept up a friendship with Kitty, though she could not properly invite her to stay with her as she was at her aunt's Lady D——'s till the Earl and Countess returned from Spa; they went abroad with their son Lord Beaumont, and the honourable Edward Beaumont: they have left my Lord at Paris for a little while as he

he met with some particular friends there, but Mr. Beaumont is come back to England with them ; and so I will get Kitty's things ready and carry her to Lady Charlotte. If nothing more comes of it, I shall have some pleasure in being able to say that my daughter is at the Earl of Beaumont's, that she is gone to the opera, and the play, and the *Fantoccini* with the Countess. The mixing with such people, and being upon such an intimate footing with them, makes one of consequence, and keeps the rest of our acquaintance at a proper distance; there is more advantage in *that* than some people imagine. I shall be vastly glad to see you, my dear Mrs. Saxby, whenever you come to town, and am,
ever affectionately,

yours,

C. LESTER.

L E T.

LETTER III.

From the SAME to the SAME.

I Have been very near having all my designs for Kitty quite upset: I'll tell you how.

I was obliged to have her at home for a few days just while I got her a new negligee made, and a suit of mignonette (nobody wears blond now, you know, but chambermaids) when I was thinking that I could not pretend to supply her with every thing she would want out of *my* purse—Indeed I could have had the silk and laces made a bill of, and sent to Mr. Grindall, but then she must have pocket-money. Every body of any fashion plays, and she
may

may be wanted to make up a set, and, therefore, must have a little card purse ; so I bade her write a line to her guardian, and ask him for some money.

He came and brought a young man with him, who, to be sure had a good face, and was genteel, and he might have been agreeable enough for any thing I know, if he had been a little more lively, and used to company ; but he seemed to be a dull, stupid creature, and one who had never seen the world.. He sat, and stared at Kitty, as if he had not seen a girl in his life before.

For *my* part I said nothing to him, nor she neither, for we both wanted to have Mr. Grindall alone.

When

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When I found that he would not go, notwithstanding all our looks at each other, as much as to say, we wish you out of the way, I began to be quite out of patience.

At last, when he had tired us out by staying with us, he rose up from his chair, to which, one would have thought, he had been glued, took up his hat, and, making us a formal bow, as if he was practising to be a dancing master, took his leave.

As soon as he was gone, I began to tell Mr. Grindall that Kitty must have some money for cloaths and her pocket, as I had taken her from school, and as she was going to spend the winter at the Earl of Beaumont's; where she could not appear like nobody.

“ And

“ And why at the Earl of Beaumont’s ? replied the perverse old man ; that is certainly a very improper place for *your* daughter.”

“ And why so, cried I, why so, Mr. Grindall ? Why is not my daughter fit to appear there, or any where, when she has things proper for her ? You know Lady Charlotte has long had a very particular friendship for her.”

“ *Such friendships*, answered he, interrupting me—I never knew any female friendships come to any thing in my life. It is utterly impossible, Mrs. Lester, for a friendship to subsist between young women in so different a style of life, as Lady Charlotte and Miss Lester are ; it certainly can be of no service to the latter, if it does
her

her no harm : their connections, their views must be so opposite, that what is very fit for one of them, must be quite unsuitable to the other. I am surpris'd at your not seeing the impropriety of such an intimacy : your daughter can never be upon any equality with Lady Charlotte ; she must indeed always appear a person infinitely beneath her : she must be looked upon and treated accordingly. The treatment which Miss Lester meets with may make her wish that her birth had been equal to her noble friend's ; her absurd wishes may render her discontented, and prompt her to appear in a very ridiculous light, by attempting to vie with Lady Charlotte. "The desire of living above our situations is the greatest of all follies, and productive of a thousand evils, which may
be

be easily conceived by people of any understanding: and if Miss Lester has any such desire, you may easily correct it, by keeping her out of the road of temptation."

Here he stopped to take a little breath, and indeed I began to think he would never have done—I wonder how I have remembered all he said: but it vexed me, and therefore, made the greater impression upon me.

I told him that I was then, and had always been of a very different opinion from him in most things, especially about my daughter. "If she makes an appearance suitable to the place she is going to, said I, and to the company she will keep, I do not doubt but that she will be treated like one of their own family."

"Well

“ Well, and suppose she *should* be so treated, replied he, interrupting me again, two considerable inconveniencies must immediately arise from her residence with her *noble friend*: she must spend a great deal more money than she can afford, in buying cloaths much too fine for her, and when she once has such cloaths, she may never like to appear plainly dressed; nor to keep what *she* may call, worse company. You want, I see, to make your child unhappy for life, only to feed your own pride by having it in your power to say, my daughter is very intimate with my Lord and Lady such a one. But come, Mrs. Lester, continued he, before I could put in a word, let me hope to find you more reasonable; let me persuade you to keep your daughter at home with you: when you receive
company

company, introduce her to them; encourage her to behave modestly and discreetly, and she will, I doubt not, become the choice of some sober, worthy young man, in her own rank in life, and make a good wife and good mother."

Did you ever hear any thing like this? But he was always opposing me in every thing.

In answer to his long and stupid speech, I told him, coolly, yet in a peremptory manner, that I should manage my daughter according to my own judgement; adding, that I had views for her, very different from those which he had mentioned.

Seeing him open his mouth again to speak, I cut him short, by saying,

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that

that Kitty and I were both engaged, and wished him a good morning ; and so in a manner forced him away.

However, when I came to consider on what I had done, I thought that I should rather have tried to get the money out of him first. But I saw, indeed, it was impossible to gain *that* point : I, therefore, lent her a few guineas for her pocket, which she must repay me when she can. The bills, for her cloaths, I shall order to *him*, and he may discharge them or not, just as he thinks proper ; this I know, I shall never trouble my head about them.

As soon as Kitty's things came home, I carried her to Lord Beaumont's, she was received by the Countess and Lady
Charlotte

Charlotte with great pleasure, and there I left her.

I am vastly glad I have got the better of this peevish old man, who was always pretending to give his opinion about what he could not possibly understand. I am,

my dear Saxby,
your's sincerely,
C. LESTER.

LETTER IV.

MISS LESTER TO MISS CAMDEN.

Berkley-Square.

I SEIZE the first opportunity, my dear Cecilia, to perform my promise, and with pleasure renew the correspondence, which we carried on from

C 2 room

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room to room, at Mrs. D——'s. I found subjects enough, indeed, to write upon, when we were shut up together in one house ; but how many more now present themselves to me ?

I am surrounded by every thing that is engaging and delightful : I am not, however, so engrossed by company, musick, dancing, and publick diversions, as not to find time for reading and reflection. I was never, you know, my dear, reckoned so giddy as *you* : but I assure you, though you will say I have chosen a strange place for serious meditation, that I really *think* more here, than I used to do at Mrs. D——'s. I frequently sit silent, and inattentive to every thing about me, while all my companions are as gay and as lively as they can possibly be.

Charlotte

Charlotte almost quarrels with me, and all our male visitors, to a man, say that I am in love. If I *am* in love, there is but *one* among them to whom I wish to appear so. Not that I really *am* in love; but surely the person and manners of Mr. Beaumont would sufficiently apologize for any sensations I could feel in his favour.

You never saw him, I believe, as you left school before he visited his sister; I will, therefore, endeavour to describe him. I do not think I am equal to the task; I shall, perhaps, throw away my pen, in a fret, ere I have half done—but I will endeavour to describe him.

He is tall, and exceedingly genteel; he has the finest eyes in the world,

C 2

some-

sometimes they sparkle like brilliants, sometimes they are so languishing that they quite melt my heart: his hair and teeth are hardly to be equalled; he has the sweetest mouth, when he smiles, you ever beheld; he sings, he plays, he dances to perfection; he talks like an angel; but then there is no minding a word he says, that is, there is no depending upon it; he is

*Fickle as the wind, still changing,
After every female ranging.*

and yet I cannot find that he is seriously attached to any particular woman. I believe I have the honour to be as much distinguished by him as anybody. How flattering is it, Cecilia, to be distinguished by so amiable a man? Yet when I consider that he means nothing by it, and that it is
only.

only the intimacy his sister honours me with, which occasions his singular behaviour to me, now and then, I call myself a thousand simpletons for giving way to a satisfaction which cannot be lasting. A man of his rank and fortune, a man so admired, so adored, I may say, by the women, should not be thought of by *me*. Can I, however, help seeing that he is handsome? Can I help hearing him say a thousand agreeable things? Can I help feeling?—Oh, Cecy!—he pressed my hand the other day, and his pressure went to my foolish heart, which throbbed as if it would burst through my stays. You will laugh at me, I suppose—When you have seen and conversed with Beaumont, laugh at me if you can.

After all, I am only telling you this to divert you; surely one may think a

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man amiable, and yet not be in love with him.

In Continuation.

I told you I was not in love—now I am sure of it. I almost believe, that I was quite mistaken in Mr. Beaumont, and that he is neither handsome nor agreeable.

We had a little ball last night: he danced with Miss Myers, a beauty just come from Ireland; she is, in my opinion, a great, tall, awkward thing, with black hair, a prodigious red colour, and high cheek bones; yet had you heard the number of fine speeches he addressed to her—but she is reckoned very handsome.

I sat

I sat the whole evening trying to find out her handsomeness; Mr. Beaumont came up to me, and asked me, what made me so melancholy.

I complained of my head, as I rather chose to have him think me indisposed, than chagrined; though I felt my face in a glow, while he tapped my cheek, and called me *poor thing*; and a sigh escaped me, which I should have endeavoured to suppress, had I been aware of it.—No matter—let it go—I shall think no more of it.

We are going to night to see Barry in Antony.—I will not write again, if you do not answer this soon, and open your heart freely, in return, to

your affectionate,

C. LESTER.

C 5

LET-

LETTER the V.

The Hon. EDWARD BEAUMONT to
CHARLES FOLEY Esq;

I HAVE dedicated so many hours to half a score of uncles, aunts and cousins, &c. &c. since my return to England, that I have had very little leisure to reply to *your* letters.

I am now in Berkley Square, at the desire of my mother, and I am a good deal amused with a young and not disagreeable girl, one of my sister's school-fellows, whom she has invited to stay three or four months with her.

Kitty Lester, for that is her name, is about seventeen; she is delicately
formed,

formed, and must be allowed, I think, by most people, to be extremely young and tender. She has a fine complexion, pleasing features, and good hair. In short, take her all together, she is a very pretty girl : so much for her person. As to her mind one would be apt to imagine that she was entirely composed of *sentiment*, *sensibility* and *delicacy*. She sighs, she blushes, and she trembles, whenever you approach her, as if she felt more than half the sex put together. I fancy, Charles, that the girl has naturally weak nerves.

By conversing pretty much with the grown misses at the boarding-school, and studying the characters of the heroines in the modern novels, she has weakened her mind to such a degree, that she starts and trembles at every thing she sees,

hears and touches ; and yet, notwithstanding these foibles, which are rather acquired by education, than constitutional, the girl is very agreeable ; but when shall we meet in this very refined age an un-adulterated female ? Had Kitty been under *my* management, a few years ago, I would have made a fine girl of her ; she is now past improvement ; that is, she knows so much of what will never be of any use to her, that she will never be capable of learning what will be of real service to her.

The whole business of a woman, as soon as she is of an age to be taken notice of, is to get herself settled as advantageously as she can. To be married to a man who can procure her all the pleasures of life, is her first aim ; if
all

all her matrimonial schemes are defeated, she then thinks of a handsome settlement in another way. Kitty will, undoubtedly, try hard for a husband, and I imagine, from some observations which I have made on the young Lady's behaviour, that I am the man whom she has marked out for that honour. Every pretty girl without a shilling, thinks her person and accomplishments sufficient to attach a man to her for life, and make him give up every advantage he may meet with, in a connection more agreeable to his family, and more suitable to his fortune. Many of our modern misses, who have nothing but their *persons* to recommend them, are often brought into dangerous situations by reading modern novels. A beautiful creature, either born to no fortune, or unjustly deprived of it, is thrown purposely,

posely, or throws herself, into the way of an earl, lord, or baronet at least; she strikes him with her charms, and so repells him with her virtue, that *life is not life* without her; and so the poor devil is drawn in by his violent passion for her, and her impregnable chastity, to marry her, though she may have been originally descended from the lowest parents in the kingdom. His relations and friends are of course exceedingly disgusted, at first, but the new-made lady, by the *sweetness of her manners*, and the *propriety of her carriage*, soon reconciles them to what cannot be undone, and the husband is made the happiest of men. Now as many of our modern romances are manufactured with such materials as these, are we to wonder to find that the silly girls who read them, have their heads filled with ridiculous

ridiculous expectations ? There are few females indeed, however ugly, ill made, or more ill bred, who do not imagine that they have attractions sufficient to make the state of their finances overlooked, and to captivate men in the first classes of life. In consequence of the hopes with which they are inspired, by the romances which they peruse, they study only to qualify themselves for those situations in which they wish to appear ; not in the least doubting but that their extraordinary accomplishments will procure them extraordinary alliances. By chattering French, translating Italian, tinkling upon a guitar, and languishing in an allemande, they seem to look upon themselves as extremely well qualified to figure in the most brilliant sphere. Such accomplishments as these are properly enough attended

tended to by girls designed merely for our temporary pleasures ; but, certainly, when a man, after his boyish days are over, thinks seriously about marrying, and sitting down upon a regular plan, he would chuse a woman formed in a different mould. With a wife of the stamp above-mentioned, he can only expect to see *her* driving *him* to a divorce, and to hear of his daughter driving with some scoundrel to Scotland.

These are my sentiments about our modern females in general ; and while I entertain them, Miss Kitty will have no reason to suppose that I shall fall in with her *pretty* design. I may, perhaps, indeed fall in love with her person, but my mother would, unquestionably, be half ready to murder me for marrying
such

such a girl: she would also be violently enraged at my making her what she is only fit for, a mistress—Why then, in the name of fortune, does she throw her in my way ? The girl and I have both of us eyes, and we have feeling ; if, therefore, we should happen to do what *she* may happen to call mischief, she must be answerable for the consequences.

Charlotte is, I suppose, not very unlike Kitty in her disposition, or she would not be so fond of her : though, by what I have observed, she has more sense and spirit ; and she may possibly have invited her friend, as she calls her, in order to be a *fool*.

I have no great opinion of your female friendships, Charles ; I would under-

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undertake to break half the dearest intimacies in town, were I inclined to give myself the trouble of introducing myself to the acquaintance of *the sweet creatures*.

And now, as I have informed you of my real sentiments concerning the women, you will not be so ready, I dare say, to think that I am in love with any of them, when you do not see me, or hear from me, just when you expect my visits or my letters

In return to my frankness, you will, I hope, be as explicit with regard to your sentiments, a free communication of which, will ever be most agreeable to,

your's, sincerely,

E. BEAUMONT.

L. E. T.

LETTER VI.

MISS CAMDEN to MISS LESTER.

YOUR letter, indeed, has been a long while coming to me, and no wonder, as your whole heart and head have been engrossed by this one man; this Beaumont, I think you call him. I will suppose he is the Adonis you wish me to believe him; but, as he has discovered a greater inclination for Miss Myers than for *you*, my dear, you would do well, in my opinion, to think no more of him: turn your attention to something more amusing. Indeed, Kitty, I am afraid that you will get into a melancholy way: you were always a tender child, full of affections and fancies for you did not know what.

How

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How many times have I laughed at you, and told you, when you were jealous of my preferring some of our young friends to you, that you were mistaken, and that, while you were good and agreeable, I should always like *you* best.—Indeed, Kitty, I have no notion of these violent propensities, nor of such sudden changes as you seem to apprehend. If I like people, trifles will not set me against them, while they behave well ; but I am neither so eager nor so warm in my love or my friendship as you are. As to the former, I have hitherto been only sensible of filial and sisterly love, nor would I wish to feel more affection for any body than I felt for my poor mother, whose long and painful illness prevented me from desiring her life, though I must ever regret her loss. It was her death alone
which

which occasioned my going to Mrs. D——'s; my father, thinking me too young to superintend his family, and not chusing to leave me to the management of servants, while he was from home, placed me, you know, for one year only, at the school at which you had already been seven years. Had you lived more in the world, and seen a greater variety of men, under the care of sensible relations, you would not have found yourself so easily struck with a particular man, who, however agreeable he may be, is not, I hope, the only agreeable man in the world: if he is, what will become *of me*? I shall not like to take up with a lover less pleasing than this Beaumont.— But I fancy I shall not be so easily satisfied as you are; I find myself rather nice; and I believe it is best to be
diffi-

difficult—I shall, by being so, keep my heart guarded against any sudden attack from those tender passions which more frequently disturb us, than give that pleasure which we are naturally led to expect, from an attachment to an amiable object of the other sex.

I have never made a resolution not to be in love, but, I hope, I shall settle my affections, whenever I *am* in love, upon a man every way deserving of my esteem; I hope, too, I shall always act under the guidance of reason, in the most trying situations.

I have never encouraged those romantic ideas of felicity which some people entertain. I shall be very well contented with a moderate share of happiness: I neither desire, nor deserve

serve to be extravagantly happy: if I *was* so, I should be apprehensive of a sudden, and very mortifying change in my feelings.

I was talking in this manner, a few days ago, to one of *my* agreeable fellows. In return, he swore vehemently, that my understanding was so clear, so strong, he was really puzzled to determine whether the superiority lay on the side of my beauty, or my sense.

This was a tolerable speech now, but do you think I believed it? Not a single syllable of it: I rather looked upon it as proceeding from an attempt to recommend himself, than from any real discovery he had made in my favour. I told him so.—He had grace enough to look disconcerted. He could
not,

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not, however, help making another effort to shine, though in more rational language; yet all his flattering speeches had no effect upon me. When a man is sincerely in love, Kitty, he is not capable of talking so much about it.

Pray let me know every particular about *your* pretty fellow. I shall be exceedingly entertained with your accounts of him; and they may be of service to me. I certainly behold things in a different light from you, at present; and I may, perhaps, see something which has escaped *your* notice, or rather something which you are not willing to discern. And so I wish you a good night,

ever remaining

your's, affectionately,

CECILIA CAMDEN.

L E T-

LETTER VII.

MISS LESTER TO MISS CAMDEN.

I Read your letter, and the raillery it contained, Cecilia, without being in the least prompted to smile at it. I am afraid, indeed, that I am past smiling at any thing which you can say upon this subject.

You may laugh, as your heart is at ease, but mine is in a very different state; in a state which I cannot describe.

We had a dance the other evening, among ourselves, that is among a few of Charlotte's intimate friends, and Mr. Beaumont's. That there might be no
VOL. I. D disputes,

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disputes, we purposed to draw fans for partners.

Mr. Beaumont drew *mine*, seemingly, by chance, but, I believe, he drew it on purpose, because he knows it very well, having had it in his hand the greatest part of the day before. It was the fan which I painted myself, and, as we had been talking of coloured drawings, Lady Charlotte desired me to shew it to her brother, as a specimen of my ingenuity.

He took it, looked at *it*, and at *me*, for some time, and then said, "that it exceeded his expectation, adding, there were very few faults in it."

I told him, that I should believe his encomiums to be sincere, if he would
take

take the trouble to point out what was amiss.

“I shall spoil your fan then, said he—
Well, but if I do, continued he, I will
give you another.”

I felt my face glow, I do not know
why, but I thought I should be bet-
ter pleased with *his* censures than with
the commendations of any other person
in the world: and that I should receive
more pleasure, from a fan presented to
me by him, than from a hundred of my
own painting.

He accordingly took it away. He
kept it all day, and brought it back to
me in the evening, with a few altera-
tions, which he had made in Indian ink,
which happening to fall where the colour

was strongest had a very happy effect.

I was extremely pleased, and expressed so much satisfaction at the trouble which he had taken to improve me, that he told me he was glad I had not thought he had spoilt my fan—"But whether I have spoilt it or not," added he, "I will give you another."—It was this very fan which I brought down to put among the rest, and which he certainly recollected.

As soon as he had taken it, he gave it a great flirt, which actually tore it from top to bottom.

"There, Kitty, cried he, putting it into his pocket, now I *must* keep my word with you and give you another."

But

But give me *that* also, cried I, holding out my hand for it, because there are *your* corrections, which I value more than all the drawings in the universe.

I meant only that they would be of great service to me, but he mistook my meaning, and said, taking hold of both my hands, "Nay, Kitty, if you value it for the strokes of *my* pencil I ought to esteem it for *yours*, and will, not therefore, part with it."

I coloured, I looked filly; I went to withdraw my hands, but he pressed them, and would not let them go : they were indeed scarce out of his the whole evening, as we danced together.

He praised my dancing also ; he told me, that it was good for me, and that

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it had given me a very becoming colour.

I am sure those proofs of his approbation did not lessen it.

We all fell to romping at last, yet none of the men behaved with so much delicacy as Mr. Beaumont did; none of them had so much softness in their manners, as *he* had.

Turning me round, with unusual quickness, he almost inadvertently pulled me down.

Catching me immediately in his arms, he cried, "My dear girl, I hope I have not hurt you."

"No, replied I, out of breath."

He

He then pressed me to his bosom, and stole a kiss unobserved by the rest of the company ; but it put me into such a flutter of spirits that I could not speak.

He saw my confusion, and kindly led me to a seat, that I might have time to recover myself. Throwing his arm round me, and laying his hand upon my heart, he asked me, what was the matter. He looked at me so earnestly, and with so particular a softness in his eyes, that I was abashed, and hung my head down instantly, telling him, that I was only out of breath.

“ Poor, tender thing, said he, still pressing my hand ; but this is for want of exercise, Kitty : were you to rise in a morning, and walk more, you

D 4

would

would not be so soon tired at night, and your exercise would fix that charming vermilion in your countenance, which makes you look so handsome."

Transported with his praises, I resolved to continue to deserve them.

I rose early in the morning, in order to walk in the little garden behind the house.

Scarce had I taken a couple of turns when Mr. Beaumont joined me.

"So, Kitty, said he, with an enchanting smile, you are following *my* advice: but here is no room for it: I am going to the Green-Park, come, put on your hat, and walk with me."

I started

I started at this proposal : I did not like to refuse him, and yet I thought it was not so well for me to go with him alone. I therefore endeavoured to excuse myself, by saying, that Lady Charlotte would want me, and wonder where I was.

“ She won’t be up these two hours, replied he ; she will be idle after her dancing : come, come, put on your hat, we shall be back before she is awake.”

I still hesitated ; but he would not be denied : he made me go with him, putting my hand under his arm, as soon as we were out of the house.

We had a most delightful walk. The morning was so uncommonly fine, and Beaumont looked so fresh,

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so handsome, and was so extremely entertaining, that—But, I know, I am very filly : I know I must not reckon upon this—and yet, Cecy, I can never like any other man.

We walked, and talked, till I had almost forgot where I was.

At last, recollecting that if the family, on rising, knew that I had been with Beaumont, they might not be pleased, I hurried him so much to go home, that he, at length, with a very serious, and rather angry look, said, “ You are tired of me already, Miss Lester ? ”

Oh, my dear, how those few words affected me ! they went directly to my
my

my heart. I was almost ready to faint—I fighed, but I could not speak.

He supported me to a bench. When I sat down, he made me rest my head on his bosom, while he asked me again, though not in the kind manner in which he had before spoken to me; what was the matter?

I answered, “Nothing.”

“That’s not true, replied he, you would not be thus agitated for nothing, Miss Lester.”

The formal word *Miss* quite finished my embarrassment. I could not bear it, nor had I courage to complain of it. This sudden change overwhelmed me with grief, fearing, however to

vent my uneasiness in words, I burst into tears.

My tears were successful, for they melted his heart in a moment.

“What’s the matter, Kitty, cried he, again, in the tenderest accents, why do you weep?”

No longer able to conceal sensations, which quite overpowered me, I answered, “Because you are angry.”

“Not in the least, my dearest girl, said he, pressing my hand to his bosom, I was not angry: I was only sorry to find you so soon tired of me, when I had hoped to have given you some pleasure. I was vexed to see myself mistaken.”

“And

“ And why did you think yourself mistaken? said I, sighing, I have never been so happy, as this morning, but yet, both my Lady and Lady Charlotte will perhaps think I have done wrong.”

“ Never mind what *they* think, replied he, as long as *I* think you have done right. If you love me, Kitty, you will be very indifferent about what *they* think.”

Now it was all out: and you never saw, in your life, a poor girl in such confusion—I knew not how to hide *mine*, occasioned by his discovering, what I, in vain, endeavoured to conceal; what I could not, with any decency, confess.—I was in the most awkward situation imaginable—I was under a sort of necessity, to declare that I
loved

loved him, if I wished not to lose him for ever—How excessive was my perplexity! I coloured, I sighed, and I trembled, while he earnestly importuned me to open my heart to him, to look upon him as an affectionate friend, to whom my confessions would render me a thousand times more dear. In short, Cecilia, he said so many kind things, that, captivated by the melody of his voice, and the tenderness of his expressions, and tremblingly terrified, with the apprehensions of incensing him against me, I, at last, owned, that my heart was filled with his dear image alone, and that I never *had* loved, never *could* love another.

After having received a thousand endearments from him, which I was ashamed to receive in so publick a place,

place, I prevailed on him to let me go home.

As soon as I came in, and began to reflect by myself, on what had passed, I thought I had acted very indiscreetly. I am very much afraid, that, though Lady Charlotte has long treated me as her particular friend, my Lord and Lady may not think me a proper match for their son. Should *their* opposition make a change in him, and set him against me—Good G—d, what will become of me?—I find I love Mr. Beaumont to a violent degree; I believe he is no less fond of *me* at present, but where this will end—my heart is distracted with doubts—
Pity

your affectionate,

C. LESTER.

P. S.

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P. S. Pray let me have your sentiments upon what I have written, and keep my secret locked up in your faithful bosom.

L E T T E R V I I I

The Hon. EDWARD BEAUMONT to
CHARLES FOLEY, Esq;

MY destiny would have it so, and there is no contending with our fate, you know, Charles.

I told you, in my last, that I was afraid this little girl, who is a sort of companion to my sister, would tempt me in a manner not to be resisted. 'Tis even so, Kitty Lester reigns, for the present, the unrivalled mistress of
my

my heart. I say, for the present, because though I certainly love this little gipsy just now, I will not tell you, how long my passion may last. I will, however, tell you, and you may depend upon my veracity, that I never should have felt any sensation strong enough to excite a passion, had not the pretty, tender fool been half dying for me. There is something so touching, so enticing, I may say, in a woman's love (or her *pretended* love, for very often it is nothing more) especially when the man has a favourite point in view, that there is no resistance to be made. But I really believe that this girl idolizes me—she discovers such striking marks of a genuine passion, that I think I cannot be deceived; this I am sure of, I will be on the winning side: I will take care not to be duped:

duped: if she *will* love me, she shall love me for myself alone. I am not mad enough, were I disposed to marry, to set up a girl whom nobody knows; a girl who brings nothing to fill up the dull hours which satiety ever brings. No, if I *must* take a wife, I will have a woman of birth, beauty, and fortune, who may do credit to my choice, at least; but though such a woman must be chosen for my serious hours, I may like Kitty to toy with, when I am in an unbending humour; and, if the little hussy actually loves me with a disinterested tenderness, she may be the favourite for life. She is pretty, as I have already told you, and there is something very bewitching, very insinuating in her attachment to me: and if her passion should not be so pure as I wish it, if I can bring her

her to my terms, without much trouble, it will do very well : and if she should stand out a little, at first, and make a fuss about her virtue, why, perhaps, I may like her the better, and the longer. All I apprehend at present, is, that my mother and sister may be troublesome, if they discover any thing to render them suspicious—They are not over rigid, indeed, but they have very high notions of honour in *their way*; and, I suppose, I shall be finely documented if I am found out: and there is some danger of a detection, while Kitty continues with them. If she goes away, I shall not be able to see her so frequently; perhaps, not at all, unless she will consent to occupy apartments provided for her by *me*—I fancy, I shall not easily bring her to take such a step. However if
she

she really loves me, she will not feel herself capable of a perpetual resistance: but I am not yet certain, with regard to the sincerity of her attachment to me. These girls are often so artful, and impose upon us, in so many shapes, in order to settle themselves, as they call it, that a man hardly can be ever sufficiently upon his guard against them. They never scruple to lye, to cheat, to deceive us, like devils, to gain their point.—On the other hand, if we only make use of a little flattery and nonsense, to carry our designs into execution, what a bustle and noise are made for nothing—we are then rogues and villains: and pray what appellation does the woman deserve, who pretends to be excessively in love with a man, merely to get possession of his fortune, and to increase
her

her consequence by an alliance with his family? Does she not merit a more severe appellation than the man, who, being really charmed with a woman's person, not only wishes to be possessed of it, but is willing, at the same time, to reward her by a handsome provision, without which she must, probably, work hard for her living? All impartial people, will, I think, give their opinions against the *former*: I am sure I shall ever give *mine*, in favour of the *latter*; and I hope to persuade Kitty to think as I do.—Possibly, I may find it difficult to eradicate the prejudices in which she has been educated: the prejudices of education are generally very stubborn things, and not always to be removed, by the most vigorous efforts of reason.

You

You have not answered several of my letters : what are you about ? A letter from you at this time will be particularly agreeable to,

your very sincere friend,

E. BEAUMONT.

LETTER IX.

Mr. FOLEY to Mr. BEAUMONT.

YOU ask me what I am about ? In reply I must tell you that I am spending my time in a manner very different from yours. I flatter myself that my time is better employed than yours is, but I may be mistaken : certainly, however, I am not endeavouring to seduce a girl from the duty which
she

she owes herself, and her family, nor trying to remove prejudices unfavourable to my designs. I adore my favourite, for her inflexible adherence to *hers*. After this declaration, you will not wonder at our differing in some other points.

I really do not think you have stated the case fairly, with regard to the commerce between the two sexes. That there are too many girls, who wish to make their fortunes, and to raise themselves in the world, at the expence of the peace of their lovers, I am very ready to allow; but you shall not make me believe that there are no disinterested women, because many have proved themselves to be actuated by mercenary motives. May not even those women whose first views were, perhaps, to be
advanta-

advantageously settled, make exceeding good wives, especially when the men to whom they are married, are *not* disagreeable to them ? And is it not better to marry such a woman, and to take one's chance for her sincerity, than to lure an innocent girl, by flattery, and hypocrisy, from a life of tranquility and virtue, to plunge her into a state of infamy and distress ? You may laugh at the solemnities by which two people are honourably united, but believe me, Beaumont, they are quite necessary to secure the legitimacy of inheritance ; and though you may alledge, that many of our modern wives discover by their flagitious conduct, that no ties can keep a woman within the bounds of virtue, who is of a licentious disposition, yet, I will venture to affirm, that a great number of women, are sufficiently affected

ed

ed by the solemnity of the marriage-ceremony to be faithful to their husbands. If you enquire into the lives of most of those females who have broken their matrimonial engagements you will seldom, if ever, find them true to any other ; thinking, very probably, that when they have overleaped the bounds of decency, the good opinion of the world is never to be recovered : some, indeed, boldly bid defiance to the world, and, having once tasted variety, admit one lover after another, without feeling any checks of any kind.

Pray reflect seriously before you proceed any farther with regard to Kitty. Though you are not determined against a marriage with a woman of equal rank and fortune, you seem thoroughly,

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resolved not to make Kitty your wife : but, supposing this poor girl really loves you, and you write as if you think she does, what a diabolical return are you making to her tenderness, her honour and her peace, by not only robbing her of the richest jewels in her possession, but by rendering her, at the same time, contemptible in the eyes of people of character ! Consider, also, what an injury you will do the lady whom you marry with equal advantages of birth and fortune : if she loves you, how cruelly will she be deceived, how grieved will she be to find you, in spite of your solemn vows of constancy to her, attached to another woman, who has none of the advantages you reap from her alliance, and who is also destitute of virtue, the most desirable of all qualifications.

And

And now let me ask you whether the *seducer* or the *seduced* is mostly to be condemned ? Partial as you are to your own pleasure, you must, if you pay any regard to honesty and sincerity, confess yourself much worse than this poor girl, who, either stimulated by love, which calls for the tenderest gratitude, or with a laudable desire to raise herself in the world by sharing the fortune and name of the man who is necessary to her happiness, deserves not the treatment which you apparently think her due.

So much for *your* affairs. As to my own, I believe I have met with the very woman whom you call an unadulterated female ; but whether I shall ever prevail on her to look upon me, in the light I wish her to view me, is another matter.

I have been introduced to her by her father, merely as a neighbour in the country, and have had the satisfaction to be received with that easy, yet polite familiarity, which shewed that she had not the slightest design upon my heart ; not being, therefore, on my guard against the numberless attractions which she without premeditation discovered, I find myself totally unable to appear before her advantageously—When I most wish to exhibit myself as a man of sense, I only prove myself a downright fool.

In consequence of this weakness, I have, more than once, encouraged her to laugh at me, and I leave you to determine whether a woman will ever love the man whom she beholds in a ridiculous light. She is gentle, indeed,
tender

tender and benevolent to every thing but me, and yet I cannot complain of her, for I know very well that I have talked nonsense to her, and if she happens to have a better taste, who can blame her? Not I—on the contrary, I honour her for her behaviour—However, a man who earnestly wishes to recommend himself to an amiable woman, is sometimes, commonly indeed, incapable of expressing his feelings in the manner he wishes. I am sure I am in this state at present: I will, therefore, make no farther attempts till I feel myself in a more successful way.

We shall now see who is the most fortunate; you, by availing yourself of every art to draw a poor heedless girl to her destruction, or I, by leaving every thing to chance, from an inability

to please either the lady or myself ; taking care, however, at the same time, to do nothing to make her entertain an ill opinion of me. The discovery of my good qualities I trust to her own discernment ; if I *have* any. I will endeavour, in the first place, to arm myself with patience, that I may wait for something decisive in my favour, on *her* side, without repining.

I shall be extremely rejoiced to hear from you while I am in this *trying situation* ; for I shall, in all probability, have very little to write about. You will certainly, in some shape or other, be an entertaining-correspondent to,

your's affectionately,

C. FOLEY.

LET-

LETTER X.

Mrs. LESTER to Mrs. SAXBY.

WHAT a tormenting old man this Grindall is ! I thought when I had taken Kitty from school, and procured her every thing necessary to make an appearance in the world, I should be at rest, and have a little time to myself ; but I see there is no such thing. Children, especially girls, are perpetual plagues.

Kitty had not been much above a fortnight at my Lord's when her guardian called, and asked me if she was not come home.

I answered, " No, I do not expect her yet ; I may not perhaps see her these two months."

E 4

" How !

“How ! replied he, what is she gone to live there ?”

“No, answered I, again, I wish she was.”

“I am sorry you do, Madam, said he, you cannot well wish her to live in a worse place. She will be thrown into a style of life very unfit for her : but I have already delivered my opinion fully upon this subject ; I shall, therefore, only desire you to send for her home, as I have received very eligible proposals of marriage for her from a worthy young man, and I should be glad not only to have her immediately acquainted with them, but to have her fetched home, that she may be ready to receive his visits.”

“ Perhaps,

“ Perhaps, said I, this worthy young man, as you call him, may not be so agreeable as you imagine he is. Kitty, I know, will not bear the thoughts of being married to any man in business: I mean, any man who stands behind a counter; nor indeed, should I myself chuse a shopkeeper for her.”

“ G—d blefs my soul, Madam, cried the old man, interrupting me, in a violent passion; not bear to be married to a man of business? why pray what was her father, my good old friend Tom Lester, but a man of business? he did not, 'tis true, keep a shop, but he kept a coal-wharf, and that possibly might offend your overstrained delicacy.”

“ Well, Sir, replied I, and if he *did* keep a coal-wharf, as you call it, he is

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dead now, and neither I nor my daughter deal in coals, or any such dirty commodity."

"Better you *had* dealt in them, Mrs. Lester, said he; better you *had* dealt in them; you would have had many more hundred pounds in your pocket than you have at present. Dirty commodity! dirty indeed! one of the greatest noblemen in England deals in coals; and are you, who are nobody, above it?"

"Well, replied I, if I am *nobody*, I will make myself *somebody* by the grandeur of my sentiments: I will let the world see that I can raise myself by my elevated principles."

"Elevated nonsense, cried he—
Pshaw!—your head is turned; but
don't

don't put yourself into such a hurry : I am neither going to marry your daughter to a shop-keeper, or a mechanic, though I think her in no shape above the one or the other ; in birth or fortune I am sure she is not ; and if you have given her too polished an education for her condition, that is *your* fault. 'Tis the business of education, Mrs. Lester, to improve the mind, and strengthen the understanding : elegant accomplishments are of no great service to people who are not in high life ; they serve to give them a taste for what they are not destined to enjoy. The best education, in my opinion, is that which renders young people contented with their lot in life, and which excites them to endeavour, in the most laudable manner, to be useful to their fellow creatures, as well

as to themselves. But to let you see, Madam, that I have not such very *low* designs for your daughter, the young man in question has been bred a merchant; he had a pretty capital to begin with, and has since, by his care and industry, considerably improved it; he has a thousand valuable qualities, and is generously willing to marry your daughter, though she can bring him but a little money; he likes her person, he likes the modesty of her appearance, and he hopes that she will, by her attention to his domestic affairs, and by being a strict œconomist, enable them to fit down, hereafter, at their ease, and enjoy the comforts of life, at a time when they may not be able to toil for them."

These

These were his very words, for I remember them as well as if I heard them this moment. I did not, you may imagine, approve of all he said; yet upon the whole, I thought the offer not to be despised. Kitty may have a better one, and she may have a worse: it is uncertain how long she may wait before she meets with any thing of this kind where she is. Men, especially men in high life, are become so mercenary, from their having so much to do with their money, that not one in ten can, or thinks he can, afford to marry a girl with little or nothing; and if she does not get married soon, I must have her at home; and to carry such a daughter about with me any where, will, I am sure, make me appear twenty years older than I really am. Were it not for
this

this great girl, I might still expect to receive addresses myself ; but the men are quite frightened at the thoughts of taking two women into a house instead of one, as girls, when once they are so tall, think themselves fit for any thing, and are apt to be monstrously pert and saucy. I am sure if all Women knew the many inconveniences which attend having such overgrown girls about them, they would wish for boys, who are popped out of the way as soon as they begin to grow troublesome ; but when once you have a daughter, there is no probability of getting rid of her at all ; for even when she is married, she is known to be your daughter ; and then she has daughters of her own, which make you a grandmother presently : and pray what is a grandmother good for ? But what
is

is all this to the purpose? I say, I thought it as well to listen to this offer as not; and so I told him, that I would fetch Kitty home the next morning, and told him also that he might bring Mr. Lawson to drink tea.

Grindall seemed satisfied with this. I went, as I said I would, to Lord Beaumont's, and told Kitty, who happened to be alone, Lady Charlotte being gone out with my Lady to see her aunt, who was not well, what had passed between me and her guardian.

The girl coloured like fire, and seemed vastly unwilling to quit the place she was in; begging me, at the same time, not to oblige her to marry a man whom she could not possibly like.

In

In vain did I tell her, that she did not know whether she should like him or not till she saw him.

In answer to that, she said, she had very strong reasons for desiring to stay where she was ; adding, however, that she should be very sorry to have them known.

In short, I found by what she hinted, though she would not speak out, that she had hopes of marrying greatly above the person her guardian had proposed, and that my taking her home would spoil all. This, you will say, was something worth attending to, and I began to question her.

“ I cannot tell you any thing yet, Madam, said she, I may be mistaken, perhaps,

perhaps, but if I am right, I am sure that the least notice taken of the affair would ruin all my hopes."

I then promised to let her stay, and to be silent about the reason why ; but do you think *that* old fellow would let me rest, till he had got every thing out of me ? As soon as he had gained his point, he made a horrible noise about it, saying, that the girl was in the way to be undone, and that more girls had been deceived, by these expectations, and brought upon the town, at last, than by any other means. In short, he told me, that if I did not fetch her home, and try to make her think more reasonably, and accept of Mr. Lawson, he would go himself to Lord Beaumont's, and let the family know what he came about ; adding, that he
did

did not doubt but they would be quite of his opinion, and refuse to let her stay with them, so greatly to her disadvantage.

I desired him not to go, as I could not think of telling all our family affairs, and exposing both us and him; "For I should be ashamed, said I, to have them know that I am acquainted with such a strange, low-bred man. I will go and fetch Kitty that you may see her, and talk with her yourself."

Well, I went to her. She roared, and begged and prayed me not to think of marrying her to a man whom she did not like—"I had better be dead a thousand times, said she."

In short, she made a most terrible noise. However, when I told her that
her

her guardian would come, and lay every thing before the family, she began to grow more calm, and said she would go home for a day, just to see Mr. Lawson, on my promising to let her return, if she did not approve of him, and to keep her guardian from being troublesome to my Lord's family, who had behaved so politely to her, about *her* affairs.

I went and told Mr. Grindall what she said—He did not seem in the least satisfied. “The girl will be ruined, answered he; her head is quite turned. This comes of your fine boarding-school education—I was afraid that it would be attended with very bad consequences.”

Thus am I plagued between them from morning to night. However,
-let

let what will happen, I must not let the old fellow make a noise to Lord and Lady Beaumont, and Lady Charlotte: a fine return, indeed, for all their civilities! but these men of business are such bears! I am sadly afraid I shall never make Kitty endure any of them. A merchant, to be sure, is vastly genteeler than a tradesman; yet, if Kitty can do better, why should I hinder her? Many a girl has raised herself, and why should not Kitty? She shall have *my* leave to try, at least. Besides, I am quite tired with this provoking wretch. They may say what they will about old women, but I am sure an old man is enough to drive any body mad.

I am,
my dear Mrs. Saxby,
your affectionate friend,

C. LESTER.

L E T.

LETTER XI.

MISS LESTER to MISS CAMDEN.

OH, my dear Cecilia! what distresses have I been in, since I received yours. I was going to answer it regularly, having had an opportunity, when Lady Charlotte was gone to see Lady Wilmot, her aunt; but my mother came to see me, and wanted to hurry me away to receive the addresses of a Mr. Lawson, a young man, recommended by Mr. Grindall, a merchant, I think she said he was; but do you imagine that I could give up my hopes of Mr. Beaumont, to become the wife of a man who lives in the city?—Oh!—I could not bear the thoughts of such an alliance. I told my

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my mother over and over again, that I was sure I *should not like* Mr. Lawson, and that I never would marry a man whom I *could not like* ; but she became positive about my going home with her : I was therefore obliged, at last, to tell her, that I thought I might do a great deal better if she would permit me to stay where I was, and take no notice.

This touched her ; for my mother has pride as well as myself : so I got rid of her at last, and I imagined that all was over ; but my guardian, not being contented with what my mother told him, threatened to come and declare to the family his reasons for desiring to fetch me away.

I was frightened to death when I heard of his menaces ; I trembled lest he
should

should either suspect, or, by mere accident, hint the smallest surmise about Mr. Beaumont. To avoid, therefore, such a behaviour, which would not only, I feared, ruin me at once with Mr. Beaumont, but make me appear quite ridiculous to my Lord and the Ladies, I consented to come home to meet Mr. Grindall, and to see the odious merchant, provided I was allowed to return.

My mother agreed to my stipulations, but I found Mr. Grindall extremely refractory, and not in the least ready to oblige me.

I must, however, in the first place, tell you, Cecilia, what a horrid afternoon I spent. Surely there can be nothing so disagreeable and indelicate indeed,

deed, as the being set out, like a beast, for shew and sale. I looked as ugly and as out of humour as possible.

The man, to do him justice, behaved with more decency than I expected : he is rather handsome, and rather well bred, yet I cannot like him. My heart, indeed, is immoveably attached to Beaumont : but were it not attached to *him*, I should not chuse to live in the city ; to live with this man any where. I determined, therefore, to give him no encouragement. I was coolly civil, and no more. I thought I should get rid of him by the coolness of my behaviour.

After having made a pretty long visit, and intreated my permission to wait on me again, he rose, in order to take his leave.

I then

I then thought it better to speak freely, and to crush his hopes at once.

I told him, that I was not come home to stay, being engaged to spend a great deal of my time with a particular friend, at whose house I could not receive any stranger, as there was always a great variety of very agreeable company.

He looked disappointed and disconcerted, and left me, with a real or with an affected sigh.

As soon as he was gone, Mr. Grindall, who staid behind, asked me, why I had behaved with so much indifference to so agreeable a young man, who was, he could assure me, very capable, and very desirous, of making me happy.

I replied, that I was certain I could not be happy with him, and therefore desired he would say no more to me about him.

These words, which I delivered with too much eagerness, provoked him.

“ Pray, Miss, said he, peevishly, are you so certain that he can never make you happy ? You cannot possibly know any thing concerning him at present, but what you see ; and I think that the most prejudiced person must own, he is both handsome and polite—He is not a libertine, perhaps, like a man of quality ; but the woman who prefers a man for his licentious proceedings, ought to blush for the depravity of her taste.”

You

You cannot think, my dear, how I felt on the delivery of this oblique accusation, for it was undoubtedly levelled at *me* ; I coloured like scarlet—I would have given the world to have concealed my face, which too plainly discovered what I most wished to hide. However, I had address enough to impute my confusion entirely to the old man's unjust supposition, that I could prefer a man merely for his licentiousness. With eyes, therefore, full of tears, for I was before very low-spirited, I told him, that I did not know I had said or done any thing to draw such injurious reflections from him—" You may think as you please, Sir, continued I, but you will find me ever resolved not to marry a man whom I do not like, let him be ever so worthy ; at the same time, I am determined not to marry a vicious man, knowingly,

if ever so agreeable. And since this young gentleman's visit has occasioned a difference between us, I desire never to see him again."

"That is carrying things a great way indeed, Miss, said he; but 'tis no wonder: the manner in which you have been brought up——"

Here my mother interrupted him.

"I don't see, said she, what fault you can find with her education; she has had the best I could afford to give her; and as I have thrown her into the genteelest connections, I have done my part."

"Yes, answered Mr. Grindall, hastily, you have done your part, indeed,
Madam ;

Madam ; you have, by placing your daughter among ladies infinitely above her, given her a relish for a higher rank in life than she can pretend to : by soaring after what is quite out of her reach, she will let slip every opportunity of settling herself agreeably to her station—nay, she perhaps may be tempted, in consequence of having her *great expectations* destroyed, to accept of offers, to which a woman more moderate in her desires would never have been induced to listen.”

My mother was going to make a very warm reply, which would only have prolonged the debate, and have made matters worse ; I therefore interfered, with all possible mildness. I desired him to have patience with me, and give me time to consider of what

had been proposed: I desired him to let me go back to Lord Beaumont's, as I should, by leaving the family abruptly, very highly affront Lady Charlotte, after she had discovered so much friendship for me, and done me so much honour.

(While I was speaking, my mother went out of the room, and left us.)

“ Miss Lester, replied he, the honour and friendship, on which you seem to set such a value, will promote your undoing. It is hardly possible for people to contract intimacies with their superiors, without feeling the greatest inconveniences. I will venture any wager, that if you had never known Lady Charlotte, you would have been much happier than you are at present.”

I coloured

I coloured immediately at this assertion, as I thought of Mr. Beaumont; but I had courage enough to say, that I could not see how the condescension of Lady Charlotte, and the notice of her family, could be any way prejudicial to me.

“ I will tell you how, said he : young people are too apt to imagine that grandeur and magnificence can alone procure happiness, as their eyes are dazzled with shew and splendor : but how grossly are they mistaken ! how often are they painfully convinced, that the tumultuous hurry of high life is an enemy to that peace of mind which is the true foundation of felicity ! the very agitation of the spirits, which people of fashion necessarily feel by their dissipated manner of living, is

F 4. attended

attended with more fatigue than satisfaction: they boast, I know, of their joys, but those joys are seldom of a long continuance. Now, by associating with such people, you unavoidably acquire a taste for their style of life; a style very proper for *them*, but not to be thought of by you, in your inferior station.—With your fortune you cannot expect to be raised to an exalted sphere; but by marrying a worthy industrious young man, and such a man Mr. Lawson is, you may improve your fortune, and be very happy, if you please. Mr. Lawson has a sincere affection for you, and will, no doubt, by his œconomy, be able to allow you all reasonable indulgencies. You can never hope to be more greatly married, for men of rank seldom marry women inferior to them, unless they have

have very large fortunes, indeed; and as such a marriage can only be entered into with the most interested views, no happiness can be rationally supposed to arise from it. I hope, my dear Miss Lester, that your principles are too good to suffer you to entertain the most distant thoughts of encouraging a man to imagine that he may offer you any dishonourable proposals. To conclude, as you will act imprudently to accustom yourself to a way of life for which you are totally unfit, you had better make a handsome apology, at once, to Lady Charlotte, for leaving her; return home to your mother, and consent to see Mr. Lawson, if only as an acquaintance at first; he will, I dare answer for him, so far improve upon you, that you will be more and

more pleased every time you are in his company."

I heard Mr. Grindall with a patience, which made him believe I was convinced of the truth of what he had been telling me: I listened attentively, and every word made an impression upon me, but it was a melancholy one. I sighed, and I was ready to weep: I recovered myself, however, sufficiently to inform him, that I could not resolve upon any thing so suddenly; and that I would go back to Lady Charlotte, as I could not bear to treat her with any kind of disrespect; adding, that when I had fully considered of what had been said, I would let him know. I concluded with entreating him to give me time.

He

He made no answer ; he took his leave in silence.

I had a much more easy task to persuade my mother to consent to my immediate return to Lord Beaumont's, as she was herself engaged that very evening to a rout, and had been out of humour with Mr. Grindall for keeping her at home so long.

When I told her that it was but just eight o'clock, that by having been detained she would make her appearance at a more genteel hour, and that the coach could set *her* down, and then carry *me* to Arlington-Street ; she was in high spirits, and hurried on her gloves. We went out directly.

When I got out of the coach the porter told me that the Countess and Lady Charlotte were both abroad.

While I was going up stairs into the apartment which I call mine, Mr. Beaumont ran out of the parlour, caught me by the hand, and conducted me to it.

“ So, Miss Lester, said he, where have you been all day ?”

I looked, I believe, as I felt, dejected.

Pulling me then quite to the candles, he viewed my face with great earnestness.

“ What’s the matter ? continued he—you have been crying.”

I could

I could hold out no longer : I burst into tears, glad to have an opportunity to relieve my full heart.

On his making me sit down, and on his expressing the greatest concern at my distress, I told him all that had passed between me, Mr. Grindall, and my mother.

“ And so they want to marry you to a man in the city, said he : poor child ! Well—don’t cry, Kitty ; they cannot oblige you to have him against your inclination : and if they should be very troublesome, I will take care of you.”

I thanked him, but I was not satisfied with his promise ; it did not answer my expectations ; I wished him to be more explicit, but though we
were

were by ourselves above two hours, and though I strove to conform to his humour, I could not bring myself to be quite contented with his behaviour— And yet I could not endure the idea of giving him up. Besides, I thought that he never looked so handsome; there was, however, a careless freedom in his manner, which though it was becoming did not please me.

Lady Charlotte asked me, the next morning, what made me so melancholy.

I was glad of an opportunity to inform her, that I was afraid I should not only be obliged to leave her long before the time she had invited me to stay with her was expired, but soon lose the happiness of her acquaintance, as I could
not

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not expect her to come often to visit me in the city.

“ My dear Kitty, replied she, surely you are not going to live in that close place ? you will never enjoy your health there, I should imagine. But how comes Mrs. Lester to think of removing from her present situation to one so unwholesome ?”

I then told her that my mother was not going to live in the city, but that my guardian wanted to marry me to a merchant there.

“ Lard ! well—to be sure the people are vastly rich in the city ; but, I cannot tell how it is, they are seldom very agreeable—Have you seen this man ? Do tell me, Kitty. A man may have a handsome

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a handsome person . let him live where he will."

"He may be reckoned handsome, said I, by some people, but I cannot like him."

"Why there is certainly a great deal in taste, answered she ; and I wish your guardian would pitch upon some other man, whose profession would permit him to live in this part of the town that we may keep you near us ; some physician now, or counsellor, or what do you think of an officer ? Any of these rank as gentlemen ; but men in trade are generally so under-bred—Besides, one does not know where to place them."

Thus you see, my dear, setting aside my giving up all hopes of Beaumont,
I shall

I shall degrade myself exceedingly—I must not only give up the most desirable man in the world, but his sister and all the family. If Lady Charlotte, from her great friendship for me, should condescend to look upon me sometimes, I find I must take it as a considerable favour—This is a galling reflection—We have been brought up together at the same school from our infancy ; we have always lived together like sisters ; and must I deprive myself of such an agreeable connection for a man whom I dislike ?—I cannot think of it.

I told Lady Charlotte, at last, that I was determined, at all events to refuse Mr. Lawson.

“ Why indeed, replied she, if you feel no inclination for him, and by
your

your account you seem to feel rather an aversion to him, I would not advise you, by any means, to marry him. I know I will never marry a man whom I do not like—But indeed, my dear Kitty, there is a great deal to be said for you; if this man is in a very large way, and should be vastly fond of you, you may be very advantageously settled with him.”

I made no reply to this speech of Lady Charlotte's, Cecilia, but it went to my heart—I did not think she would have taken notice of the difference in our situations in such mortifying terms; at least they seemed mortifying to me, as I was very low spirited. I felt myself, indeed, humbled to the dust by her behaviour. There was something in her looks, in the tone of her voice, in her whole manner of speaking which pained me extremely. She was, I thought,
unlike

unlike her former self, and discovered a superiority which I had not observed before in her.

I begin to think, Cecilia, that they who expose themselves to such unequal friendships must expect such changes in their haughty intimates.

Lady Charlotte went out of the room soon afterwards.

I then sat down, and thought that I should have shewn more prudence by cultivating a friendship with one in my own humble situation. Yet, at the same time, a gleam of comfort shot across my mind, when I considered that I might possibly have it in my power, by and by, to mortify *her* pride. When Mr. Beaumont finds me hesitating about
his

his promises, and Mr. Lawton's offers, he may chuse to marry me rather than to, see me united to another man, and then Lady Charlotte may look upon me in a very different light.

But I am, perhaps, all this while, grossly deluding myself—I have been so much harrassed lately, indeed, that I hardly know what I say—Do, my dear Cecilia, pity me, and tell me whether you imagine I am right or wrong: by so doing you will very much oblige

your affectionate,

C. LESTER.

L. E. T.

LETTER XII.

MISS CAMDEN to MISS LESTER.

YOU ask me, Kitty, whether you are right or wrong. I am sorry to say that I must answer *wrong*. You are wrong in several respects ; you have, my dear, in my opinion, too little pride. You start at this, I dare say, and will tell me that having been always taught humility, you should not imagine you could have too much.

Indeed you are mistaken. You seem not perfectly to comprehend the meaning of the word humility. You have let yourself down so exceedingly to Mr. Beaumont, to his sister, and to all the family, that you must not be surprized
at

at their exerting an improper superiority over you. By suffering Mr. Beaumont to take liberties with you, my dear, you will never gain your point; as he plainly sees that you are now become sufficiently attached to him, to condescend to listen to almost any proposals rather than lose him. By a more distant, a more spirited behaviour, you would stand a fairer chance to bring him to your own terms. A fairer chance, I say, though I confess I do not think he will ever be brought to marry a woman but for an addition of fortune and honour. Were he an admirer of mine, I should take care to let him see that *my* pride was equal to *his*. Believe me, Kitty, there is no other way of dealing with men, especially with men grown wanton with rank and fortune, who imagine themselves, in consequence

sequence of their situations, superior to all the world, though they cannot really derive any merit from advantages which might have fallen to the lot of others, as well as to them. Were I to be vain, I would chuse to be vain of some valuable qualities intrinsically my own; I would be vain of my beauty, my wit, my good-sense, or my good-humour; never of my riches or my titles.

Were you the plainest woman in the world, and had you the worst temper imaginable, you would, indeed, if possessed of an independent fortune, and born to a title, be followed by a great number of fellows; but their addresses, surely, would be no compliment to you, because they would be paid to your purse, and your pedigree, not to your person: and were you to marry a man, who only addressed you with the most interest

interested views, you would soon, in all probability, have reason, from the mortifying alteration in his behaviour, to repent of your alliance with him. Be contented, therefore, my dear, with yourself and your personal advantages; do every thing in your power to improve your understanding, and arm yourself with fortitude against those evils of which you complain; evils which you might easily have avoided. Had you staid at home with your mother, and never discovered an ambitious desire to enter into connections with people in a sphere of life so very much above you, you would never have been exposed to the little slights which have given you so much uneasiness. You would never have known this Beaumont, who, presuming upon his own superiority, and your inclination
for

for him, treats you with a very unbecoming familiarity. However, though I condemn this impropriety in your conduct, do not imagine that I, by any means, advise you to accept of Mr. Lawson—there again you want a sufficient share of pride, to prevent your acceptance of a man whom you do not love. Does not a woman shew the greatest meanness, by marrying a man who is her aversion, merely for the sake of an increase to her fortune or her consequence? Let both your lovers alone, Kitty; neither of them is the right man. Of the two, indeed, I declare for Lawson. The insolence of Beaumont is not to be endured: were you to be married to him, you would find his family equally insupportable. I do not know whether a man of fashion's mistress, is not a more eligi-

ble situation—putting virtue out of the question—than his wife. I am very sure that the woman who has a just idea of happiness, would not wish to be honourably, or dishonourably, connected with such a man.

I have wrote so much about you and your affairs, that I have not left room for a word concerning my own. I can, indeed, only assure you, that

I am

ever your's,

C. CAMDEN.

LET-

L E T T E R XIII.

Miss LESTER to Miss CAMDEN.

I THANK you, my dear Cecilia, for your friendly letter. You have placed things in a light in which I never saw them before: yet I fear I cannot, in any shape, follow your advice, though I approve of it. I find I love Mr. Beaumont, with all his faults, if he *has* any; with all the uneasiness which I suffer from them, at present; which I may suffer from them hereafter. I love him fondly—foolishly I fear. However, since the receipt of yours, I have taken myself seriously to task about my sentiments, and would gladly make a change in them. I am extremely pained to find myself

still entertaining them ; but there is something so irresistibly engaging in Mr. Beaumont's looks and manner, that I cannot conquer the pleasure I feel in seeing him, and listening to him ; nor check the rising transports, which every fresh proof of his tenderness gives me. Within these few days, he has been, I think, more attentive to me than ever.

Lady Charlotte too, since that morning, has behaved as she used to do, at least I fancy she does ; but I have been so much taken up with Mr. Beaumont that I have not attended to *her*.

I begin to be in hopes that Beaumont will, in time, be the very creature I wish him to be.

I have

I have ventured upon the plan I had schemed to try him, and I think it has succeeded.

We have walked out every fine morning in the park, before the family were stirring. The other day, a sudden shower drove us home sooner than we intended ; but he would not let me go into my room till Lady Charlotte rang her bell.

I took that opportunity to tell him that I should leave Arlington-Street soon, and return to my mother, at the request of my guardian, who had introduced a young gentleman to me, as a lover.

“ Well, replied he, and sure I hope you are not such a little flirt as to encourage him ?”

G. 3.

“ Who,

“ Who, I? Why not? If the men are all flirts, why should we not be upon a par with them? I think, I should be very silly to lose an opportunity to marry in an advantageous manner.”

“ O, that’s the bait then, I find, said he; that mercenary disposition, that marrying merely for interest makes devils of you all.”

“ What would you have us to do, Mr. Beaumont? replied I. If the men, whom we do really prefer in our hearts, happen to have an aversion to marriage, must we remain single all our days to humour them, and decline an alliance with the man who is actually in love with us, and who seriously wishes to make us happy?”

“ And

“ And why, Miss Lester, may not the man who has an aversion to marriage, be as much in love with you, as a married man? Marriage and love are two very different things.”

“ Not at all, answered I, they are the same: no man can love a woman truly, without desiring to make her happy: nor can a virtuous woman be happy with the man whom she loves, if she is not married to him.”

“ Umph! where did you learn this pretty doctrine? said he: but though you may think it suitable to your purpose, you happen to be quite out; matrimony is the grave of love, child, and so you will find it.”

“ Why so?” replied I.

G 4

“ Why

“Why so?—Because all ties are odious. A man very well inclined to like a woman for ever, would soon hate and detest her, were he compelled to live with her.—Nature abhors all restraint.”

“That is very hard, indeed, said I; but I am resolved to venture, rather than not marry.”

“Whether you like the man or not?” replied he, briskly.

“I have not said that I do not like the man recommended to me,” answered I, smiling.

“If you like *him*, what do you mean by encouraging *me* to dangle after you?”

I de-

I declare, Cecilia, I could not answer him; I felt myself in the wrong; I was quite abashed, on my being found out by him; I hung my head, coloured, and looked like a fool.

At last, however, I got courage enough to lift up my eyes, and to tell him, that as he had constantly declared his aversion to marriage, and as I was very sensible of the great inequality between us, I could not possibly expect him to marry me, and had, therefore determined to follow the advice of my friends.

“Certainly, said he, with a discontented air, if you are so indifferent to all men, as to be capable of living happily with any man, you will shew your *prudence* extremely By accepting this

offer which appears so desirable to you: the acceptance of it will set us all right; *you* will be married, Madam, since matrimony is your taste, and *I* shall be cured of the egregious mistake I committed, by supposing, foolishly supposing, that you felt any particular inclination for *me*.—My supposition indeed, I will confess, gave me great pleasure, and it might have given me great pain: 'tis lucky for us both, therefore, that all is over between us."

He pronounced the last few words with such an apparent satisfaction that they went to my heart.

I got up, and sat down. I did not know what to do with myself: yet I strove to suppress the grief which I felt at an indifference which I
really

really thought was a good deal affected : but as I was not sure of it, and as even the affectation of it pained me, I looked, undoubtedly as I felt, anxious and disturbed.

I opened my mouth to speak : I shut it again. I did not know what to say. Thinking, however, that I ought not to stay, after *all was over between us*, I rose, to go.

I walked slowly, I lingered : my feet, corresponding with my heart, moved as if they were very unwilling to convey me from the man who had so greatly distressed me.

Just when I had reached the door, and laid my reluctant hand upon the lock, to open it, Beaumont sprung from

his chair. Catching hold of me, he cried, " Well, Kitty, since you are determined to separate yourself from me for ever, let me take a parting kiss."

The words, *for ever*, were too much for me : they sunk deep into my heart. I felt a pain in my breast : my head turned round ; I could not support myself—I tottered ; my eyes closed, and I almost lost my senses.

He caught me in his arms, and carried me to the sofa : but instead of taking any unbecoming liberties he was so decently as well as tenderly officious about my recovery, that I felt every sentiment in his favour which I had endeavoured to smother, reviving in my bosom.

On

On my opening my eyes, and coming to myself he gently said, "Can you really, Kitty, be so cruel as to leave me?"

I burst into tears; pressed the hands which held mine, and replied, "Oh never, never."

I am very sensible that my reply was wrong; and I wished to recall my words.

If I do not conquer this fatal passion for Mr. Beaumont, what will become of me? You see, plainly, that he has no idea of marriage; nay, he openly protests against it; and if he was inclined to marry, the immense difference between us is sufficient to deter him from thinking of an union with me. And yet,

yet, Cecilia, I love him with so sincere an affection, that I could sooner die than bear the thoughts of marrying another—He tells me, indeed, and I *must* believe him, that I should be guilty of an atrocious crime by taking a solemn oath to love a man when my whole heart is alienated from him. He asks me if I do not think that such a piece of hypocrisy is the vilest to be conceived; that if I do not think that a marriage of that kind is more criminal than an attachment, with the concurrence of the heart, without any ties at all?

You may be assured, however, my dear, that I shall never consent to be *so* attached to *him*. But while I thus resolve to guard against one weakness I may, perhaps, fall into another before I am aware.

My

My hand and my head are weary.
I wish you may not be tired of reading
such long details relating to my conduct;
which has been, I am ready to confess,
quite inexcusable. Adieu.

C. LESTER.

LETTER XIV.

MR. BEAUMONT to MR. FOLEY.

YOU may say what you will,
Charles, in favour of matrimony:
I agree with you that it is a necessary
evil, but yet it is utterly impossible for
me ever to think of marrying Kitty
Lester.

I have not been the villain you seem
to reckon me, for I have never told her
that

that I *would* marry her; I have, on the contrary, always declared vehemently against matrimony.

And so because I have been so honest—
 I must lose my girl? No, Charles, I hope she will have a nobler way of thinking. She may safely trust to my generosity for a proper provision for her; but if that is not agreeable to her, I am ready to have a settlement drawn up, and legally witnessed before I enter upon the premises—And pray then, if she is constant to me, shall we not be quite as happy as if we were married? As to my engagements of a similar kind with other women, if I provide handsomely for Kitty, and treat her with tenderness when we meet, shall we not be as happy as if we were married? Will my other engagements hinder.

hinder my happiness with *her* ? But here is a new lover recommended by the mother and guardian. What is to be done now ? Kitty has been honest enough to confess that she does not like the man they have chosen for her ; I have (very honestly I think, for the man) persuaded her not to marry him on any account. I have even told her that she cannot marry him without being guilty of a criminal action. I hope she believes me. If she *does* believe me, I am sure of keeping her to myself, for she, certainly, is at present in love with me. Her heart is, I am willing to think, according to the language of romances, an enlarged one, but I shall be sorry to find it capacious enough to entertain more than one lover at a time. My greatest difficulty will be to conceal our connection from the
rest

rest of the family till I can prevail on her to put herself under *my* protection. My mother and Charlotte have, like the rest of their sex, a great deal of curiosity, and Kitty is a character very easily to be found out. I wonder, indeed, sometimes, that we have gone on so long without being discovered; but Charlotte has, fortunately, been pretty much taken up with looking after the men herself. Could I but meet with a proper man for *her*, she would be so much engaged as not to have either leisure or inclination to attend to Kitty and me. There are so many punctilios to be observed in the disposal of a girl of family, that I am not surprized to see them so often saving their relations the trouble of providing for them, and running off with the first handsome fellow who comes in their way.

way. Matrimony, among people of any kind of rank in life, is accompanied with so many obstacles, and inconveniences, that the very little satisfaction which some couples might receive from it, is considerably lessened. I am thoroughly satisfied that there would be no marrying at all, if no estates were to be improved, and no titles to be inherited—How many embargos have been laid upon a state which wants all possible *douceurs* to render it palatable! How much pleasure might our legislators give to the bulk of the nation, by the abolition of a ceremony which produces an infinite deal of unhappiness! Civilians, indeed, who thrive by matrimonial misery, will not subscribe to this same abolition. But I must take leave of this subject, at present: much may be said upon it; much
more

more than I can now advance—I have
other matters to mind ; and so
adieu.

E. BEAUMONT.

L E T T E R XV.

Mr. FOLEY to Mr. BEAUMONT.

YOU are strangely mistaken—at least
I hope you are—by supposing
that the abolition of matrimony would
give pleasure to the bulk of the nation.
I own myself to be of a very different
opinion ; and I believe that all sensible,
rational people will be on my side of
the question.

You will, perhaps, tell me, that the
number of sensible, rational people is
extremely

extremely small, and that you shall have a majority of hands in your favour.

I shall never be disconcerted because fools and rogues differ from me. I shall always be pleased to find myself among a respectable minority: however, I do not expect to bring over such an opponent as yourself, to my way of thinking: I should not, indeed, make the least attempt to bring you over to it, did I not feel compassion for the poor girl, who is on the point, I see plainly, of falling a victim to her violent inclination for you, to her sensibility. For *her* sake, if not for your own, stop, and consider a moment; before you precipitate into the greatest distress, a girl who, but for you, might have been honourably and happily

pily situated by this time. Consider the striking inequality between you, occasioned, perhaps, more by her education than her birth. Shut up, at an early age, among a set of girls who had seen no more of the world than herself, she could not learn from them to improve her mind; and having been employed, in her retirement, about works of very little importance, she cannot be supposed capable of making a proper opposition to your seducing arguments and insinuating behaviour. I will also allow that the reading of romances may have tended in some degree, to soften a heart naturally inclin'd to tenderness: but I do not imagine that any moral or affecting tale can possibly prove detrimental to her, if she has a good understanding and a virtuous disposition; and if she has neither the one nor the other,

other, pray what books will give her those sentiments which she ought to feel, in order to be a desirable companion to a man of sense and principles? Loose and inflammatory descriptions should never be put into the hands of young people; they should never, indeed, be published at all—I am no friend to the books commonly called books of entertainment, with which this writing age abounds, yet I think that decent, well-conducted narratives, in which vice and folly are properly exposed, may be read, not only with safety but profit, by the young folks of both sexes, for whose perusal they are principally calculated.

I detest a wanton, licentious woman; but a tender sensibility in the girl, with whom I should chuse to spend my
life,

life, would greatly increase my happiness. I will, at the same time, confess that with her sensibility, she is more likely to throw herself, into the power of the man she loves, than if she were of a less susceptible turn. Permit me to add, however, that the man who feels a passion for her cannot love her if he ought if he takes advantage of her disposition, which when found in a woman really virtuous, renders her doubly amiable.

Could you possibly, Beaumont, be a woman who has no passions, no feelings? she had better have none than such as will make the man with whom she is connected, unhappy. For instance now—What would you do with a female politician? and 'tis a million to one but that the reading of history g

her a propensity to be very troublesome with her politicks. The woman who makes any abstruse subject her study, generally contracts a seriousness extremely unfavourable to her features, and too often becomes a disagreeable companion by her *deep* conversation. A female face never appears to so much advantage as when it is adorned with dimpling smiles, and sportive graces. All allurements of that kind are excluded by an intense application to dry studies; studies which women should particularly avoid, if they wish to *charm*. If a woman, indeed, happens to have a keen relish for polite literature in general; if she can read with taste, and digest with judgment, she is to be valued for her attainments; for she whose mind is elegantly embellished, as well as her person, is doubly attractive. It is the

woman who reads the most trifling books, and who is very superficially acquainted with a variety of subjects ; who is conceited enough to think herself extremely clever, and impertinent enough to throw out her frivolous remarks wherever she goes, without the least regard to propriety—This is the woman justly to be ridiculed by her own sex, and ours : such a woman is disgusting beyond expression.

It is no uncommon thing, in this *reading* age, to hear a boarding-school girl talk sententiously, and affect to be prodigiously wise, much wiser than any *grown ladies* of her acquaintance. Nay, I have often heard such a girl boldly contradict *one of us* in a room full of company. I was not a little diverted, but a few days ago, by the behaviour of
a literary

a literary lady : she was hardy enough to correct the pronunciation of a gentleman whose writings, for their style as well as for the composition of them, have been repeatedly applauded by the public. In order to prevent her from exposing herself, he kindly turned the conversation, and asked her if she had seen the novel just published which was highly commended. She answered, with ineffable disdain—"No—Sir, I never look into such books."

From such female pedants who think themselves qualified to instruct even those among our sex who are eminent for their learning and their good sense, heaven deliver me. I hate, indeed, all *smatterers* of either sex : people of real knowledge are but too apt to sit stupidly silent, or to discover too strong an

attachment to their favourite pursuits. The empty pretenders to science, especially if they are noisy with their emptiness, are the most insufferable companions in the world—Give *me* a woman like a woman in every thing: with a good heart, I would have also a solid understanding: and I am of opinion that no woman will be injured by perusing some of our most celebrated novels, the authors of which prove themselves to be intimately acquainted with human nature, and as studious of making their writings equally instructive and entertaining. By novels so written a woman may find her understanding as well as her heart improved. She may become wiser and better at the same time.

Adieu.

C. FOLEY.

LET-

LETTER XVI.

The Hon. EDWARD BEAUMONT to
CHARLES FOLEY, Esq;

I HAVE no leisure to consider at present, whether novels may be safely read by the *fair sex* or not. You are right, I believe, in general—I am in a great hurry. My father has found out a wife for me; I am to see her this very day: and so poor Kitty can never rise higher than to be my favourite sultana.

Lady Ann Dale is the lady in question. She is young, and handsome, as they tell me, but lively to excess. How different from my languishing Kitty!

I must dress immediately.

H 3

You

You will call me now, I suppose, a shocking fellow ; and she may call me a villain ; but I again repeat what I have already said, I will never marry Kitty—I never told her I would ; she has, therefore, no reproaches to make me. All I have to do, at present, is to keep her ignorant of what is going forward : but that is impossible. Charlotte will tattle I know. I must endeavour then to calm her fears, and silence apprehensions, or I shall have her slip through my fingers—I don't chuse to lose her ; not, at least, till I see how I like her rival.

Adieu.

E. BEAUMONT.

L E T-

LETTER XVII.

Miss LESTER to Miss CAMDEN.

I AM quite wretched, my dear Cecilia ; rendered so, in a great measure by, I fear, my aspiring expectations : though love, indeed, more than ambition, has undone me, for I think I could be happy with Beaumont in any situation. For my own peace I should never have thought about him. How could I ever suppose that Lord and Lady Beaumont would approve of his marrying a woman without a large fortune ! He certainly has not love enough for me to make him risk their displeasure on my account.—I wish I had never seen him.

H 4

Why

Why did Lady Charlotte single *me* out from the rest of our young companions, only to make me wretched? How little do we know what is best for us! I thought myself uncommonly fortunate in being distinguished by her, but how extremely am I disappointed! What I imagined, would ensure my felicity, has destroyed my peace for ever.

But you will be surprized at my running on in this manner, without giving you my reasons—You will, undoubtedly, either laugh at me, or condemn me, when you are acquainted with them.

Is it possible for me to hear that Mr. Beaumont is going to be married without being alarmed?

This

This intelligence came upon me so abruptly that it was almost too much for me.

I was practising a new song which Mr. Beaumont had given me, because he told me that it suited my voice; and I had no joy but in pleasing him—Lady Charlotte burst into my room—“O Kitty, Kitty, said she, Ned is going to be married: are you not vastly glad?”

It is not in my power to inform you what answer I returned; nor can I describe what I felt at that moment: I can only say that my heart was violently agitated.

My guitar fell instantly from my hands: however, I had my senses sufficiently

ficiently about me to recollect that I was discovering, what ought to be concealed, by the absurdity of my behaviour.

“ Bless me, cried Lady Charlotte, are you not well, Kitty ? you tremble excessively.”

“ Yes, replied I ; but my guitar is so much out of tune it quite vexes me.”

“ Give it Ned, said she, you know he can tune it presently. I’ll step, and ask him. He is just gone into his room. By and by he will be so engaged with Lady Ann that there will be no speaking to him.”

You may be sure that this speech did not help to recover me ; it made me a
great

great deal worse indeed, I felt myself hot and cold by turns; I was absolutely sick. Lady Charlotte, however, took no farther notice of the sudden alteration in me, but flew out of the room to call her brother.

Glad was I at her leaving me: yet I dreaded the sight of Beaumont.

Feeling myself unable to stand, I sat down, and burst into tears: yet I was terrified all the time, lest *she* should come back and bring her brother with her.

Fortunately for me, she staid a good while—I breathed upon my hand, dried my eyes as well as I could, and caught up the notes which lay by me.

I was looking on *them* when she returned with Mr. Beaumont.

Snatching the notes out of my hand, for I did not once lift up my eyes, he asked me what I was thinking about so intensely.

I shuddered at the sound of that voice which used to charm my ears with its melody ; but I had presence of mind enough, to lay the blame on my guitar. He took it from me, and put it in order. Lady Charlotte humming the air, went to the window.

While *her* back was towards us, he pressed my hand, called me a simpleton, and bade me try my voice, holding the instrument to me.

I told

I told him, that I could not express a single note, having been practising till I was quite hoarse. I could not, indeed, either sing or talk; my spirits were so much depressed that I wished to be alone, and yet I had not courage enough to leave Beaumont. I wanted, to say truth, to hear what he would say about his intended marriage.

Lady Charlotte, as if she had read my thoughts, cried, "Well, I suppose you will be every day with Lady Ann now, brother?"

"May be not, sister," replied he, mimicking her.

"You will be a stupid lover, then, I am sure."

I fancy,

“ I fancy, Lady Charlotte, you would not think it possible for a man to love you enough, if he was a single moment out of your sight.”

“ I know, answered she, that I should not bear a man like you for a lover, he would be so teasing and so insolent.”

She spoke but too justly, I thought. I am sorry to say, that I have observed a great deal of such behaviour in Mr. Beaumont: yet, at the time I am speaking of, he was in a very different humour. He watched my looks with great attention, and appeared anxious and restless, as if he wished that his sister would leave us together. Finding, however, no probability of her absence, he at last went away.

I sighed

I sighed when he was gone as if my heart would break.

Luckily for me, Lady Charlotte did not take notice of my agitation, being full of Lady Ann; so full that she could talk of nobody else, of nothing else.

Every word about Lady Ann increased my grief: I made an excuse, therefore, to get to my room as soon as I could.

After having given a free vent to my sighs and my tears, I sat down to acquaint *you* with my unhappiness, my dear Cecilia. How much more unhappy am I doomed to be! for I cannot help thinking of this too agreeable man.

In

In Continuation.

He has just left me : he has just been saying the most soothing, tender things imaginable, to calm my disturbed mind and to restore it to its wonted tranquillity : but it is not to be restored. He does not even tell me, that he shall *not* marry Lady Ann ; and if he *does* marry her, can I, with any propriety, with the least honour, continue to see him, to hear him, to listen to his insinuating professions of friendship, which steal me from myself, and make me all his own ? Yet what intoxication is this, Cecilia ? Perfect madness ! It can end in nothing but distraction—Could I have the resolution to break through the enchantment, and leave him for ever—Could I go home, and marry Lawson—No, never, never—I would sooner,

sooner, much sooner, be wedded to my grave.

My eyes are so blinded with my tears, that I can hardly see to subscribe myself,

your truly affectionate,

C. LESTER.

L E T T E R XVIII.

MR. BEAUMONT to MR. FOLEY.

I AM just come from my destined bride; she is a fine woman, tall, fair, and actually lovely: but she seems to have a spirit which will try me to the utmost. Such a character is by no means fit for a wife: she would make

make a glorious mistress! The tender, gentle, submissive Kitty, is the properest person for a wife. How perverse is my fate!—I like Lady Ann's appearance, but I absolutely love Kitty Lester; How unhappy has she been made by only hearing of this projected marriage! I found her almost dissolved in tears, nor could all my endearments—as I did not actually swear that I would *not* marry her Ladyship—make her tolerably composed. She certainly doats on me—I cannot help loving her now: but were we to come together *for ever* and *for aye*, I verily believe that her excessive fondness would satiate, would disgust me; there is something, after all, extremely surfeiting in these love-sick girls. Lady Ann's vivacity is far more engaging: but then your lively women have so much
fire

fire upon every occasion, that they may be as troublesome in another way. 'Tis a mighty difficult matter, Charles, to meet with the right sort of woman—*You* have found such a one, I conclude; you think you have, at least, and that will, perhaps, do as well. I begin, seriously, to think that our chief pleasures are ideal; the moment they are realized, they vanish like a dream.

Adieu.

E. BEAUMONT.

LET-

L E T T E R X I X .

Lady ANN DALE to Mrs. RYDER.

I HAVE seen Beaumont three or four times: he is an elegant figure, he has an easy assurance, and there is something altogether agreeable about him, so that I found myself, till a late discovery, less and less unwilling to give up my liberty.

I went to the opera last night with Lady Stebbing. We came in late; I can't bear to go early any where: the more bustle we make, the more we are taken notice of—There is a prodigious pleasure in spreading a general joy through an audience, by darting upon them unexpectedly.

White

While I was exceedingly elated with the admiration which my sudden appearance excited, my vanity was considerably affronted by Beaumont's affiduities about a little low-bred girl, who is only his sister's *companion*.

When I entered the box, I was too much engaged by the attention paid me by the whole house, to perceive that Lady Beaumont, Lady Charlotte, and her brother were near me. The fainting of this girl soon afterwards occasioned such a confusion that every body looked that way.

Beaumont seemed to be greatly concerned about her : now, if he is really so, I shall not receive any more visits from him, till he comes to an explanation. If I am to be rivalled by such a chit,
I will,

I will positively tell my Lord that I will not hear of marrying. Men are bad enough when they take mistresses after they are married; when they keep them at the very moment, there can be no hopes of them. I set too great a value upon myself to have only the *second* place in any man's heart. To have such a girl preferred to me!—It is not to be borne.

You are curious, I suppose, to know what sort of a thing it is; but really there was so great a crowd about her, and Beaumont hung over her in such a manner, that I could see little of her. She appeared to me to be not ill made, and to have one of those soft and simple, unmeaning faces, which some men reckon handsome. In *my* opinion, she is merely pretty; I saw her, indeed,

to

to a disadvantage, when she was ill, you know; breeding, perhaps.—Oh, these fellows!—What right have they to expect fidelity in a wife, when they have not the smallest idea of it themselves?

I shall take no notice of my suspicions to the family; the girl will undo herself; but I will tell my father that I do not chuse to marry a man, who is already provided with a mistress.

Adieu.

LET-

L E T T E R XX.

Miss LESTER to Miss CAMDEN.

EVERY thing grows worse and worse, my dear Cecilia, I can no longer conceal the violent agitation of my mind.

A complete discovery was almost made last night.

Having recovered my spirits a little, I went to the opera with my Lady, and Lady Charlotte; chiefly, indeed, because Mr. Beaumont was to be of the party.

We had not been long seated, they were playing the overture, when a
very

a very fine woman came into the next box but one.

The gentlemen all rose, and turned their heads to look at her. Every body, indeed, almost at once, cried, "Lady Ann Dale."

Those words were enough for me, I thought, the moment I saw her, that Mr. Beaumont could not but admire her, had he never seen her before—When I knew that he was destined to love her, my resolution forsook me. I felt a shivering all over me, a chillness at my heart. Every thing seemed to whirl round me; I quite lost my senses. As soon as they returned I heard Lady Beaumont say, "You had better get her out."

Beaumont took my hand, and led me into the passage. There he bade me lean upon his arm : I did, for I could not stand without. He then lifted me into a coach, sat by me, and supported me with the greatest care, though, at the same time, he asked me how I could be such a little fool as to faint for nothing.

“ It was not for nothing, answered I, as soon as I could speak for my tears. It was at the sight of that Lady Ann, whom you *must* love, whom you *will* love, and who will soon make you forget *me*, added I, sobbing.”

He was angry, and replied, in a rougher tone than I had ever heard him speak, that if I was not so d——d silly all would do very well : but that I should

should expose him if I went on thus with my tremors, and my nonsense.

I was silenced ; but he could not stop my trembling—I thought I should have really fallen into an hystERIC fit in the coach. I shook as if I had been seized with an ague. He saw, he pitied my distress, and with the most endearing, melting expressions, lulled me into a delirium of joy from which I wished never to awake.

With pain did I awake from it when I heard him say, “ I must tear myself from you, to return to my Lady, who will certainly have some suspicions about me if I do not.”

“ To Lady Ann ? replied I faintly.”

“What again ? answered he : indeed Kitty, you are determined to ruin us both.”

I begged his pardon a thousand times ; adding, that I could sooner bear to think of parting with my life than with *him*.

He called me *poor tender fool*, and kissed my eyes, my hair, my lips. He grew so fond of me, indeed, that I began to be afraid both of him and of myself, and intreated him to leave me.

He called me a dear, inconsistent girl, and *tore himself away*. One moment I recollected all the dear, kind words he had uttered ; the next, I fancied that I heard him repeating the same
to

to Lady Ann. "Why, why did she come between us to destroy my peace! but for *her* he might have been mine: and yet I rave when I talk in this manner—I had better try to forget him." Such was my soliloquy when Beaumont left me.

When my Lady and Lady Charlotte came home they very kindly, I thought, enquired how I did, and took little notice of what had passed.

I think I should go home, though I know I shall be persecuted—Mr. Beaumont will not hear of my going home; and, indeed, upon second thoughts, how very wretched must I be when I am at a distance from him; when I can neither see him, nor know any thing about him! I cannot support life in such

I 3 a situa-

171 THE INDISCREET CONNECTION.

a situation—I have wished, a thousand times, that I were dead, or that I had been never born—I have no peace from morning to night, because I fancy every time Beaumont leaves me that he is going to Lady Ann, and that he spends every moment when he is not with me with her. If I drop asleep, I soon start from a terrifying dream about Lady Ann—I am already so altered that every body wonders what is the matter with me. Yet the ~~cause~~ cause of all this change in me never occurred it, at least he never mentioned it till yesterday; he then asked me what made me look so pale.

I should tell you that he was all this while putting on his sword, with a most elegant new white and gold sword knot, just sent home on purpose.

I replied

I replied "that I should never look any better."

He patted my face with his hand, and said, he would give me a colour presently, and he did, indeed, for just at that moment, my Lady came in.

I imagined she looked very hard at us both.

It does not signify now, he can never be mine; and so she may think of me as she pleases.

Adieu, my dear Cecilia; may you be ever happier than

your affectionate

C. LESTER.

I 4

LET

L E T T E R X X I .

MR. BEAUMONT TO MR. FOLEY.

SO—I am blowed about Kitty. I guessed how it would be—Her perpetual whining and sighing after me occasioned suspicions concerning our intimacy ; her fainting at the opera, the other night, on Lady Ann's coming into a box near her, confirmed them. However, not the least notice of it was taken *then*. My mother desired me to take care of her home ; but I have since had a long lecture from my father upon the subject : He said a great many sensible things, I cannot deny, upon it ; yet to what purpose do old people preach to the passions of young ones, which are not only stronger than all *their* arguments,

ments, but than even *reason* herself ; which they frequently turn topsy turvy?

I will not answer for Kitty's understanding if they separate us, as they seem inclined to do.

This affair has happened most unluckily, just when I was very near bringing Kitty to the point I had long aimed at ; and which her apprehensions about my leaving her for Lady Ann had almost compleated : but now the fuss which they have made about us, will put her upon her guard, and frighten her from my arms.

I seized a moment, yesterday, to urge her to throw herself entirely under *my* protection ; assuring her that I would

place her in a very eligible situation if she would consent to leave her guardian, and her mother, who are continually teasing her to marry a merchant in the city, who is, I suppose, as dull and heavy, as he is rich and rude. These fellows always think that their greasy gold supplies the want of every thing. The wretch who is perpetually brooding over his ill-gotten wealth can never have any real taste for such a girl. Kitty is too tender and elegant to become the property of such a *boor*. She will, however, soon be out of the world if she pines away her life thus—she is grown considerably thinner, and looks as pale as ashes. She will, I suppose, be carried home by my careful mother, and then I shall see her no more ; as it is not to be supposed that her family will let me visit her upon my own terms.

terms. Poor Kitty ! under the pretence of saving her from ruin, as they call it, they will drive her to distraction. I have yet one scheme left—I have luckily confessed nothing to my father, and I will endeavour to get Charlotte over to my side. I will tell her that they are all out by thinking I had serious designs upon the girl, because I trifled and toyed with her. I will proceed to business directly.

In Continuation.

There is no doing any thing with Charlotte. She is entirely against me ; not in the way you would imagine now.—She has no fears about the poor girl's chastity, nor does she think that her virtue is in danger. On the contrary, she looks upon her as a little

artful hussy, who had a design upon her brother; who wanted to put herself upon a footing with her, and to raise her consequence by coming into the family. She liked her well enough for a companion, but she cannot bring herself to look upon her as a sister—

“I had a better opinion of Kitty Lester, said she; I thought she was a modest, humble girl; but I find she is all for her own interest, and has no idea of friendship, nor of the respect which is due to people of superior rank.”

I am sure Lady Charlotte has no idea of friendship, by talking with this cutting indifference about a girl with whom she was educated, and whom she has distinguished ever since they were children. This I will affirm, Charles, whatever follies we fall into, those

those of the *soft sex* are far more reprehensible than ours. Mark the propriety of the word *soft*.—Our errors, I say, arise merely from our natural propensity to pleasure, which sometimes hurries us beyond the limits prescribed by cool reason: whereas the foibles of *women* spring from infinitely worse causes; from pride, from envy, from vanity, from mercenary views, which lead to every thing that is mean, forbidden, and vicious.—Mind me, Charles, I cannot call that girl vicious, who, from the tenderness of her disposition, and from the attractions of her lover, gives herself to *please* and to be *pleased*. I call her an honest, generous, frank-hearted creature, who acts agreeably to the dictates of nature, and only deviates from the rules laid down by the rigid part of her sex; but I know

not what name to ascribe to the woman who, stimulated by avarice, ambition, or vanity, surrenders herself to the man whom she does not love, merely to increase her fortune and her importance. Little less contemptible, in my opinion, is the woman who, under the mask of friendship, makes her inferior in fortune, though her superior in every thing else, a slave to her humours; and is ready, to prevent her being raised to an equality with her, to take every step in her power to destroy her reputation and her peace.

I am sorry to say that Lady Charlotte has too much of the last mentioned character in her—While Kitty was contented to be her humble friend, she was, apparently fond of her; but now, apprehensive of her becoming equal to herself

herself in point of rank, she spurns her from her, and ventures to expose, to injure her in every shape, that she may not stand a chance of calling one so infinitely beneath her, by the affectionate name of sister.

While women are *such things as these*, where is the man who would marry?

From Charlotte, therefore, I flung with disdain, and went to Lady Ann.

Lady Ann was cool too, and stiff. She received me with a head so erect, that I was totally disgusted. However, I seemed not to see her *hauteur*, though it was exceedingly visible—I was as rapturous as if I had felt myself the most favoured lover.

The

The lady soon took pains to convince me, that I was mistaken, by asking me, in a tone inexpressibly contemptuous, if the girl who had a fit at the opera had fallen into any more hysterics.

I answered, with the greatest composure, not to say assurance, that I knew nothing of the matter.

“ You need not affect ignorance, Sir, replied she, bridling prodigiously—I shall never put you to the trouble of denying facts. You have made your choice, I wish you happy, but cannot receive you in the light I *have* done.”

Piqued at the insolence of the woman, though I will confess I never thought

thought she looked so handsome in her life (there was a spirit in her features which heightened her beauty) I bowed, and left her to reflect upon what she had done.

In a few hours I received a severe reprimand from my father, with harsh commands to speak no more to Kitty Lester, who was to be sent home immediately, and to make every necessary submission to Lady Ann, if I hoped for *his* favour.

Submission!—the devil! What? to the woman whom I am to marry? It is *her* business, I think, to submit to *me*. However, the old man continues firm to his purpose, and swears most tremendously, that if I do not marry that imperious woman, I shall
never

never receive another shilling from him.

What a strange power has gold!
I *must* truckle to my insolent mistress—
When she is my wife I will make her
pay for her pride.

Adieu.

E. BEAUMONT,

L E T T E R XXII.

Miss LESTER to Miss CAMDEN.

CECILIA, my dear Cecilia, what
mortifications have I met with!
a particular detail of them would only
render me still more miserable than I
am already.

I have

I have been driven, with contempt, from that house in which I was so lately received with pleasure.

The Earl and Countess reproached me for having had a design upon their son—"You have made a fine return," said they, for all the regard we have shewn you, by attempting to seduce our son from the duty he owes his family and himself: and you have behaved most ungratefully to our daughter, who has been so condescending to you, as not only to wish to degrade her brother, but to encourage her, by your example, to act with the greatest indelicacy, folly, and treachery."

A thousand speeches of the same kind, equally contemptuous, were directed to me, every one of which doubly.

bly reminded me of the immense difference between me, and Mr. Beaumont.

I made no reply to them; I hung my head and wept till the coach came, which my Lady had sent for to carry me home. She would not suffer me to step into her own,

Just before I went, Lady Charlotte came into the room, and took leave of me. She told me that her mother had kept her with her till that moment; adding, that she was sorry for what had happened, but that she had been forbidden to see me, or to write to me.

I sighed, but made no reply. I had always loved Lady Charlotte, and since
 my

my attachment to Mr. Beaumont, my affection for her had increased; but there was now a coolness in her behaviour which I could not have expected, and it made an addition to my distress. Perhaps, from the depression of my spirits, I saw every thing in the worst light: yet, certainly, had I been in Lady Charlotte's place, and she in mine, we should not have so parted.—But I know not what I say; my head is giddy—it turns round I think.

I was conveyed home, more dead than alive; I was really distressed, and very ill besides, yet my mother seemed to be extremely displeased to see me. Sorry, indeed, she had some reason to be, at my having been treated with so much contempt; but then

as I had been in no shape to blame, and as she saw how much I was hurt, by what had happened, her unkind behaviour to me was cruel. She tells me that if I had played my cards properly I might have been Mrs. Beaumont by this time—Would to Heaven I were! but surely to have my disappointment imputed to my own want of judgment, is to feel it with double anguish. I wish, indeed, most earnestly, that I was Beaumont's wife, so dearly do I love him. Without *him* I can never be happy. It would have grieved me, however, to have occasioned his family to neglect him—'Tis better as it is, perhaps—I am nothing; nobody will be concerned about me. I thought Lady Charlotte had been my friend; but she, I find, has given me up. Beaumont will soon be united to Lady Ann;
and

and I see plainly that my mother does not care for me, as I have missed the opportunity, as she calls it, of making my fortune, and raising my family. I have nothing to do but to leave the world as all the people in it, to whom I imagined I was dear, have no longer any regard for

your unhappy

C. LESTER.

LETTER XXIII.

The Earl of BEAUMONT to
Mr. GRINDALL.

SIR,

AS I understand that you have been left guardian to a young person, who was for some time distinguished by

by my daughter, as they were educated at the same school, I think it quite necessary to let you know, that she has behaved in a very improper manner in my family. She has returned Lady Charlotte's politeness to her by endeavouring to draw in my son, to marry her. Happily, both for himself and his family, he had too just an idea of propriety to fall a sacrifice to such a low, such an artful girl; but as from her intimacy here she might have found opportunities to be very troublesome, and as my son is engaged to marry a Lady of rank and fortune, who would have reason to be offended with Kitty Lester's impertinence, I think you ought to be informed of what has passed, that you may take care of the girl, who will certainly expose herself again, if not looked

looked after, by throwing herself in
my son's way.

I am,

SIR,

your humble servant,

BEAUMONT.

LETTER XXIV.

MR. GRINDALL to the Earl of
BEAUMONT.

My Lord,

I Received your Lordship's letter com-
plaining of a young person, who was
left by her father, my friend, under my
guardianship—From the knowledge I
have had of her disposition, and of the
principles, which her father, during his
Vol. I. K life,

life, carefully instilled into her mind, I cannot think her capable of being guilty of the extreme meanness you charge her with. It is more probable, my Lord, that your son, like too many other young men of fashion, has been taking unbecoming liberties with her ; and that your Lordship, to spare your son, may chuse to throw the blame on the young lady, who, though not equal in point of birth and fortune to Mr. Beaumont's family, may happen to be superior to them in sentiment. There must, undoubtedly, be something very pleasing both in her person and manner, or she would not have been honoured with the friendship of Lady Charlotte, or have had her love solicited by Mr. Beaumont. However as *they* have, by distinguishing Miss Lester, given your Lordship so much

much pain, and as the lady destined for Mr. Beaumont is alarmed, I hope she will have both too much pride and spirit to subject herself to any farther complaints from your Lordship, upon this occasion: I hope, too, that she will have regard enough for herself and her own *family*, the peace of which is as dear to them, and ought to be as little disturbed, as the first peer's in the kingdom, to decline all farther connections with your *Lordship's family*, though ever so eagerly sought for by them. I shall, with particular earnestness, advise her to do nothing, for the future, to be accused again of *impertinence* from your Lordship; an accusation which she has not, in my opinion, in any shape, deserved: I shall be perfectly convinced that she has not deserved it, when she disco-

vers that contempt for your Lordship,
and your family, which you and they
have so justly merited.

I am,
my Lord,
your lordship's
humble servant,
E. GRINDALL.

LETTER XXV.

MR. GRINDALL TO MRS. LESTER.

Madam,

I HAVE just received the inclosed
letter from Lord Beaumont. I am, I
confess, greatly shocked at the insinua-
tions contained in it against Miss Lester.
I must own, also, that I was apprehen-
five

five of them, when I heard of her going into a family with whom an intimacy could not, by any means, be proper. To throw a young woman with a small fortune, and slender expectations, into the way of an agreeable, enterprising young man of fashion, is, to the last degree, imprudent: It is to place her in a very dangerous situation, from which not all her discretion, supposing she has any, may be able to extricate her.—Setting aside all dishonourable proceedings, marriages which are exceedingly disproportioned, are seldom, if ever, productive of happiness to the contracted parties. Miss Lester has certainly been in a very dangerous situation in Lord Beaumont's family: luckily, for her, she has escaped with the preservation of her virtue, but her peace may not easily be restored.

By having settled her affections upon a young man every way agreeable, and attractive, too much above her to be honourably connected with her, at least, without highly incensing his family against him, she may, perhaps, be never able to like any other man.

Miss Lester may have rendered herself miserable for life, by having buoyed herself up with flattering hopes, but I cannot believe that she has been guilty of the meanness with which his Lordship has charged her. I would venture any wager, that Mr. Beaumont has behaved to her in a manner sufficient to encourage improper expectations. Let her comfort herself with thinking, that, though Lord Beaumont did not look upon her as worthy of his son, she is, at this time, beloved by

by a deserving, and agreeable man, who is eager to call her his wife, and desirous of sharing with her all he possesses, all he is likely to possess. Mr. Lawson has not, indeed, an estate equal to Mr. Beaumont, he cannot boast of his noble birth, and high connections, but he has a decent competency, and *that* in any station in life is sufficiently genteel. By accepting of Mr. Lawson, Miss Lester will not only gain a suitable settlement, but a friend, a lover, a protector, who will think himself both happy by her compliance with his wishes, and honoured by it. On the contrary, if she declines so unexceptionable an offer, she will not only lay herself open to all kinds of censure—for after what has happened, the world will unquestionably say that she either *has* yielded, or is

ready to yield to the man whom she is supposed to love—but may also induce Mr. Beaumont's lady to imagine, that she has still designs upon her husband. Surely Miss Lester has pride enough to keep her from the commission of any more *impertinences*. By receiving Mr. Lawton, or the man who is to be her husband, and by a total silence, with regard to the inclosed and its *impertinent* contents, she will act in the most discreet manner: and this affair, if properly managed, will not, I dare believe, be attended with any very bad consequences, though perhaps with some few disagreeable ones.

Hoping that you will say and do all in your power to make your daughter sensible of the absolute necessity there

there is for her giving up all farther thoughts of Mr. Beaumont,

I am,

Madam,

your friend and servant,

E. GRINDALL.

L E T T E R XXVI.

MISS LESTER to MISS CAMDEN.

STILL more and more mortifications do I receive, my dear friend.

My Lord Beaumont has wrote to complain of me to Mr. Grindall, who was but too ready before to hurry me into a marriage with Mr. Lawson, whom I can never love; and yet I must own, at the same time, that he is very

K 5 amiable,

amiable, especially in his behaviour to *me*. My heart is so much softened by my own distresses, that I cannot be insensible to the dejection which my indifference has occasioned, nor to his extreme solicitude about me ; I cannot, possibly, however, love any man but Beaumont.

To what purpose do they tell me of the pride and contempt which Mr. Beaumont's family have discovered? *He* cannot make them better, and it would be hard indeed that *he* should suffer for their faults. *He* never treated me with pride or contempt ; and yet if *he had* so treated me, my tender heart would still have been faithfully attached to him. I must not see him any more, it seems—Nobody can hinder me from *thinking* of him : not even his haughty father

father can hinder me from *thinking* of him; nor his haughty mother, nor his insensible sister—no, nor his wife, equally haughty and insensible: none of them can hinder me from thinking of my dear Beaumont, can prevent my loving him. Who can banish recollection from the mind? Not all the fathers, mothers, sisters and wives upon earth can make me forget what is past, or make me hate the man who has every charm to render himself alluring.

I have been extremely ill: I am quite weak and low: I have no body to talk too but Mr. Lawson who is, to be sure, altogether considerate and assiduous to please me: so assiduous, indeed, is he to give me pleasure, that I am really concerned it is not in my power to make some return to so uncommon an affection—How few men

pay so much attention to a girl whose heart has been long in the possession of another !

Mr. Grindall is out of town. I have taken an opportunity to intreat Mr. Dawson to pity me, to be my friend, and not to join with my guardian in persecuting me.

“ Never, Miss Lester, said he, shall you have the least reason to complain of *me*. Happy beyond expression shall I be, if you can, at last, *endure me*.”

In this manner does he talk, while his eager eyes watch mine, that he may fly to prevent my wishes. He is modest, sensible and tender, but he can never be any thing to,

your very unhappy,

C. LESTER.

L E T-

LETTER XXVII.

Mr. BEAUMONT to Mr. FOLEY.

I AM in a fair way to be finely *wised*. Lady Ann has sufficiently shewn her spirit already. She has made such a bustle about me, and Kitty, that the poor girl has been driven from the house, and treated with all the contempt and pride imaginable. However, her removal from the house may be of service to me; for, as I know that she does not love her home, she may, possibly, be induced, by my persuasions, to leave it for a more agreeable residence of my providing. I suppose, indeed, that I shall meet with a violent opposition at first, for it is the hardest matter in the world to persuade some women to do even

even what they have a mind to. I must go cautiously to work, or I shall have the guardian, the mother, and all the relations upon my back. I will, previously, send a few lines to her, and see what effect *they* will have upon her. I shall, by so doing, find out how her inclinations stand. In the mean while I must prepare to marry this Lady Ann. My father will not advance a single shilling if I refuse. She is a charming woman, I confess, but I had rather be excused from an alliance with her. I am not fond of *termagants*. No—Had Kitty either family or fortune to countenance a marriage with her in the *world*, I should be happy: for I do not know a woman who would make a more eligible wife for *me*—since I *must* be married. But, as she is situated, such a step is not to be thought of. I must, therefore,

fore, take *her* whom I do *not* love, and quit *her* whom I *do*. While we are thus acting in opposition to our sentiments and our feelings, in the most serious business of our lives, how can we be surprized to hear of *separations* and divorces? We should rather wonder to hear of two people living tolerably together after marriage.

Do you not smile at my writing in rather a *new* manner? The truth is I find myself changed on a sudden. The approaching change in my life, I believe, has occasioned this revolution in my mind.

In Continuation.

I have just been informed by Johnson, whom I dispatched to gain some intelligence

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telligence about Kitty, that the city-lover chosen for her by her guardian, is not only handsome, but excessively studious to please; and that it is imagined she will not be long able to resist his eager addresses. If she can leave *me* for *him* she is a confounded little jilt, that's all, and she may go to the devil as soon as she will.—I'll try her though, upon second thoughts, before I entirely abandon her.

Your's as usual

E. BEAUMONT.

LET-

LETTER XXVIII.

MISS LESTER to MISS CAMDEN.

I HAVE just received a note from Beaumont, the kindest in the world. How transported am I to find that he has not forgotten me, that he so sincerely sympathizes with me, that he still loves me! this was a cordial which I very much wanted; it has quite revived me: I was almost sunk into despair before, but this dear note had such an effect upon me that I smiled and talked; I actually talked, rather tenderly to Lawson, who was highly elated by a carriage so very unexpected. I was indeed so pestered with his raptures that I did not know what to do with him; yet I must own, though I cannot love him, his behaviour to me is unexception-

unexceptionable. But what is all this to my charming Beaumont ? To think that he is still my lover, and that he is impatient to tell me so, is the greatest joy to be conceived. And yet why am I so delighted with what can afford me no real, no lasting satisfaction ; what may, perhaps, make an addition to my misery, if I am too much inclined to listen to it ? Be assured, however, my dear Cecilia, that, notwithstanding my strong attachment to this man, I am determined not to comply with any improper desires. I respect my lover too much not to respect myself a little ; since, therefore, it is my firm resolution not only to resist all unbecoming solicitations but to resent them, why may I not indulge myself in the innocent pleasure I feel at the remembrance of a man whom I *must* ever prefer to all the rest of his sex ?

Lawson,

Lawson, perceiving me almost intoxicated with joy, asked me what I had done to myself, telling me, at the same time, that I never looked so well in my life.

I smiled at his observation, which encouraged him, I suppose, to imagine that I was particularly pleased with it, for he caught my hand, and kissed it with a violence which hurt me prodigiously.

“Good G—d, my dear Miss Lester, cried he, what have I done?” when I screamed with the pain which his eager pressure of my hand had occasioned.

To say the truth, I had put on a little ring which Beaumont had given me,

me, composed of two ruby hearts, pierced with an arrow of brilliants, and the sharp edge of the gold ran into my finger, upon Lawson's squeezing my hand too hard.

Seizing my hand again, he looked at it, and laid the whole blame on the ring.

I coloured with vexation, and plainly told him that he had by his own awkwardness hurt my finger.

He looked abashed, begged my pardon, and was so submissive the rest of the day, that I found myself obliged to forgive him. Yet to what purpose does he still follow me? I am sure I never can think of having him. I have already told him so several times, but
he

he will persist. I must try, in short, to persuade him to trouble his head no more about me. If he will not give me up before Mr. Grindall returns to town, I shall, perhaps, be forced into a marriage which must, inevitably, make me for ever miserable. If I must not be Mr. Beaumont's wife, I will never be married to any body: though if we cannot be united together, I do not see why we may not continue friends. The friendship of such a man as Beaumont is preferable to the warmest affections of any other.

My mother, who does not much care, I believe, who I marry, provided I am but married, speaks greatly in favour of Lawson, as she finds that there are little or no hopes of my union with
Beau-

Beaumont. She tells me, however, over and over, that I have played my cards like a simpleton, and that I ought to have known better how to conduct such an affair. She is afraid, she says, that my love for the man prevented me from making any thing of him: when I reply that I really love him, she calls me a silly girl, and adds, "I don't wonder you have lost him, since you thought more of the man than the money."—I am shocked at such sentiments so opposite to my own; I endeavour to argue her out of them, but in vain—she never listens to reason, and therefore it is impossible to convince her that her notions are erroneous. What strange people have I to do with!

Adieu.

C. LESTER.

L E T-

L E T T E R XXIX.

Miss CAMDEN to Miss LESTER.

I HAVE taken up my pen in a great hurry, my dear Kitty, to tell you that you are quite wrong. Where is ~~the~~ girl, in her senses, who would venture to encourage a friendship with the man whom she loves to distraction, and who, she knows, will not marry her?

Your Beaumont is a trifling fellow: he is not worth having, and yet you would be glad to be married to him. He is too haughty, too insolent, too volatile, to think of marrying *you*; and would you trust such a man with your heart? at a time too, when
you

you know that he is engaged to another whom he will marry, though he does not love her, though he actually despises her? But then she has rank and fortune, and those advantages will justify his conduct to the world. He will think her sufficiently qualified to bring him an heir to his estate, a boy whom an earl and a countess may venture to own for their grandson, though his person should be frightfully diseased, though his mind should be tainted with every vice, though he should be a fool, or a villain. By the brilliancy of his descent, he will, though a disgrace to his species, be more respected by the world, than a man of low birth, though adorned with every virtue which can embellish humanity. From a connection, therefore, with people who entertain

tain such narrow, such unjust sentiments, what happiness can be expected?

I cannot help being surprized at your infatuation, Kitty, to indulge a passion for a man who could not make you happy, were you to be immediately raised to a rank equal to his own.

From the character you have drawn of Beaumont, and, I dare say, notwithstanding its defects, it is a flattered one (for we are commonly blind to the failings of those whom we love) he can never make you happy—You would repine by his side, in the midst of grandeur, and magnificence; you would sigh for the want of a heart in the bosom of the man whom you adore. Take courage, therefore, my dear Kitty, and scrutinize thoroughly into the character

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rafter of the man whom you find yourself disposed to love: if he is unworthy of your esteem, do all you can to conquer your inclination for him, before it rises to an absolute passion, and keep your heart, till you meet with a man really deserving of it.

By your description of Lawfon, he may be almost called *the unexceptionable*. You cannot expect a faultless lover; he who has the fewest faults, is undoubtedly the most desirable. I have lately met with one who appears to have scarce any. You may, perhaps, think that my vanity is now at work, because he has distinguished me. There is, indeed, Kitty, a part of his behaviour which is, in my opinion, rather odd: he seems to chuse to be always with me; he sees me perpetually

ally furrounded with men who admire me, and yet never says a civil thing to me : that is, I mean, he never talks to me in the style of any of the rest of my men acquaintance ; he is, however, continually endeavouring to improve me, or please me, and is never absent from me, but when he is called away from me by his business. I think I may freely confess, that I prefer such a man to any other, without being guilty of a weakness : it would be a weakness, indeed, not to see, and to acknowledge, his uncommon merit. But to what purpose should I indulge a prepossession in *his* favour ? he has none in *mine*, I dare say, and I am not like *you*, Kitty ; I have too much pride to love any man first, or any man at all, who is not strongly inclined to feel the same tenderness for *me*. I really do not believe, I shall ever be in love,

and therefore, whenever my father thinks it proper for me to marry, I shall, as a dutiful daughter, make him a low curtsey, and tell him, that I am all obedience. Do you act in the same manner to your guardian, my dear ; that is, if you can prevail on yourself, either to like Lawson, or to be quite indifferent to Beaumont. To marry one man while we are really attached to another, is to injure *him* in the most unpardonable manner.

This man is coming ; this Charles, for so I chuse to call him.—I must lay aside my pen.

When I have heard what he has to say to me, I will take it up again, after his departure.

I have

I have a thought, Kitty : I will try him a little ; there can be no harm in that, as I have no ill design—I esteem him too much to hurt him, or even to vex him : but he is too indifferent about me, to be vexed at any thing he hears from me.

In Continuation.

He is gone. He brought me some curious plants of his own raising.

When I thanked him, I told him, that nobody in the country had so much success in bringing them to perfection.

He smiled, and said, that he, probably, took more pains than other people.

“ You think then, replied I, that by a close application to any favourite pursuit, we cannot fail of being successful ?”

“ No, Madam, answered he, gravely, some things are indeed forwarded, but others are retarded by our application to them.”

“ I cannot comprehend the meaning of that assertion, Sir, said I : your words seem at variance.”

“ Not at all, Madam. How many men have, by endeavouring to please a woman, only disgusted her ? While others, without giving themselves any trouble about her, have been very well received.”

I coloured

I coloured up to the eyes, I am sure, at this reply—Here was plainly a case in point—I wished, however, to be more thoroughly satisfied if I was right, or not; but I could not immediately recover myself—As soon as I *did*, I said, “Is this *your* method of proceeding, Sir, when you are in love?”

He looked a good deal disconcerted, and hesitated, as if he was unwilling to speak.

At last, he replied, “Whenever I *am* in love, Madam, I *may*, perhaps, proceed in that way: but, I suppose, I shall endeavour to act like other people, in the same state; though, I believe, continued he, with a half smile, and a kind of suppressed sigh, no man can tell

how he shall behave till the time comes."

"You have never, then, had an opportunity of trying?" said I.

This was a home question, Kitty; I blushed, while I uttered it.

He coloured still more—"I have had no leisure, Madam, replied he, with fluttering accents, to attend much to these things."

"Leisure! cried I, recovering new spirit, on seeing him embarrassed, I did not know that love would wait our leisure; it is an involuntary passion, and, like death, will come when it will come: it neither stays for our calling, nor leaves us at our bidding."

"It

"It is but too true," answered he (half-raising his eyes to meet mine, and then throwing them respectfully down.) There he stopped—My father then came in, and no more was said about love.

And now, can you, who are so well acquainted with the tender passion, tell me what my lover means, or rather what I, myself, mean? This I know, whatever you may determine, I am not at all pleased with my own conduct, which has not, I think, been sufficiently delicate upon an occasion that requires the nicest circumspection. I am, indeed, quite out of humour with myself; you will, therefore, I hope, excuse me for having been too free with you: but really, Kitty, I am most seriously your friend, when I advise you to conquer this violent attachment

L 5

which

which must, necessarily, lead you into numberless difficulties, and plunge you into very unhappy situations.

I am,

my dear,

your ever affectionate

C. CAMDEN.

LETTER XXX.

Miss LESTER to Miss CAMDEN.

I THANK you for your last, my dear, and for your well-meant advice. I would really take it, if I possibly could, as well as Mr. Grindall's, and my mother's; even Mr. Lawfon's too; but I could sooner divest myself of life than of an inclination which
seems.

seems woven into my frame. I cannot cease to love Beaumont; how then can I, with the smallest degree of honour, marry any other man? I esteem, I respect Mr. Lawson, but I can never love him.

I seized an opportunity, agreeably to my design, to tell him that I was obliged to him for the compliment he had paid me, but that, as my affections were engaged before I knew *him*, it was impossible for me ever to fix them upon any other object; and that, as my repugnance to his offer had incensed Mr. Grindall and my mother against me, I should think myself greatly indebted to him, if he would, himself, generously put a stop to their persecutions by withdrawing his addresses.

He looked both concerned, and disconcerted at my request, but replied, "That though it was the hardest which could be made to a man possessed of his sentiments, he should find it a still harder task to refuse me any thing: adding, that he would, whatever it cost him, oblige me."

As I knew that Mr. Grindall was hourly expected in London, I thought there was no time to lose.

I was right: he came. As soon as I saw him I found that Lawson had been as good as his word; for he immediately told me that he was very much concerned at my being so determined to act not only so much in opposition to my own interest, but to reason, honour, and discretion, by refusing
an

an offer extremely advantageous, merely for the sake of a man whose family despised me, and who, most probably, despised me, himself, for the easiness with which I had listened to his professions of love; professions that could not be serious, as no man could be said to love a woman whose ruin he had in view while he addressed her.—“What could you expect, continued he, but your undoing, by encouraging a man who was upon the point of marriage with another; you, who had no apology to make for your imprudent conduct, no plea to urge in your defence, as you had it in your power to be married, whenever you pleased, to a young, agreeable, desirable man of character, possessed of a fortune above your *reasonable* expectations?”

“All

that she was sure I had played my cards like a fool, and that there was a way of managing every body, if people would give their minds to it.

I fighed, because I found I had not had the influence over Mr. Beaumont and his family which I wished for, and with the want of which she upbraided me.

Thus you see, my dear, I am quite unhappy in every shape. My mother wanted me to raise myself by the friendship which the Beaumont-family once expressed for me. Mr. Grindall thinks that I ought never to have been acquainted with them. I almost wish I never *had* been acquainted with them, as my attachment to Beaumont will render me miserable for life. Adieu.

C. LESTER.

LET-

almost any woman happy: but we will say no more upon this subject at present. Leave Mr. Lawson to seek for somebody more suitable to him: do you only resolve to conquer a weakness for Mr. Beaumont which, if indulged, must make you appear in a ridiculous, as well as in a mean and a criminal light. Exert all your pride, my dear Kitty, and do not lessen yourself so much by condescending to attach yourself to a man who, whatever he may tell you, still thinks himself so much superior to you, that he should honour you even by keeping you for his pleasure: and can any woman, with the least degree of spirit, with the least spark of virtue, love such a man? Impossible! I agree to your giving up Lawson, though I am sorry to find you so strongly averse to him; but,

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but, at the same time, I insist upon your giving up Beaumont also, if you have the slightest regard for your happiness, peace, or reputation."

Here Mr. Grindall stopped : I made no answer—I was too much agitated ; I was too well convinced, indeed, of his being in the right, though I could not bring myself to tell him so—What is then to be done ? I cannot resolve upon any thing. I can only say that I wish, sincerely wish, I had never seen Beaumont, though my beating heart tells me that he is absolutely necessary to my happiness.

In Continuation.

I have just this moment received a second note from Beaumont—He tells
me

me he will meet me in the Green Park to-morrow at eleven.

I had resolution enough to send word to the chairman who waited, that it required no answer.

I could not think of any thing better to say, though I repented almost before the words were out of my mouth. I really do not know what I would have.

Mr. Grindall told my mother, when he went away, that he hoped she saw the necessity of her joining with *him* in persuading me to break off all farther connection with Mr. Beaumont and his family.

She replied, that she thought they had broke off all connections with *me* ;
that

too hastily offended : we do not mean that they are downright ideots : we only mean that they, from a natural timidity, terrify themselves with unnecessary apprehensions ; and, by the indulgence of those apprehensions, throw themselves into very disagreeable, if not dangerous situations.

Kitty Lester being of a gentle disposition, is a thousand times more capable of making me happy than the vain, haughty Lady Ann : but to forfeit every thing, to marry the daughter of people with whom one cannot any way mix—forbid it prudence, and forbid it pride !—No—Such low, such plebeian connections can never be thought of by,

your sincere and affectionate friend,

E. BEAUMONT.

THE END of the FIRST VOLUME.

